

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From The London Times, July 3.  
MR. LONGFELLOW.

WELCOME to England, thou whose strains prolong  
The glorious bede-roll of our Saxon song ;  
Ambassador and Pilgrim-Bard in one,  
Fresh from thy home—the home of Washington,  
On hearths as sacred as thine own, here stands  
The loving welcome that thy name commands ;  
Hearths swept for thee and garnished as a shrine  
By trailing garments of thy Muse divine.

Poet of Nature and of Nations, know  
Thy fair fame spans the ocean like a bow,  
Born from the rain that falls into each life,  
Kindled by dreams with loveliest fancies rife ;  
A radiant arch that with prismatic dyes  
Links the two worlds, its keystone in the skies.

The noblest creatures of those dreams of thine,  
From Hiawatha to Evangeline,  
Here thou wilt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,  
Loved as the cherished Lares of each home.  
What prouder refrain heartens to the core  
Than thou hast sung in brave Excelsior ?  
Where sounds more gladdening 'mid this earthly  
strife

Than the sweet clarion of thy Psalm of Life ?  
None but the rarest *raconteur* may grace  
The mimic contest where most yield thee place.  
Say which, for either, fairer wreaths produce,  
Irving's Astoria or thy Flower de Luce ?  
Which haunted hostel lures more guests within,  
Hawthorne's Seven Gables or the Wayside Inn ?  
Turning thy pictured page, what varying dyes  
Shine through each latticed margin's new sur-  
prise !

Here the swart Blacksmith, smirched with grime  
and tan,

Tears in his eyes, yet every inch a man.  
Here, 'mid the rice-field, heaving his last breath,  
The poor Slave-monarch dreams himself to death.  
Here, while without loud raves the tempest's  
din,

Here, while around the revelers brawl within,  
The dying Baron through the grave's dark goal  
Seeks Christ's redeeming passport for his soul.  
Who hears not now, stormed down among thy  
leaves,

The rain that poured like cataracts from the  
caves,

Roared through the kennels, lashed the stream-  
ing panes,

Flooded the squares, the streets, the courts, the  
lanes,

Raging like seas that o'er some foundering  
wreck

Swill thro' the scuppers from the swimming  
deck ?

Cool, teeming, plenteous, soul-refreshing show-  
ers,

Quaffed by parched earth and by the thirsting  
flowers,

Nor less by those who listened to thy song  
As, like Lodore's, thy deluge dashed along.  
Where subtler solace than thy gentle voice  
From riven hearts can draw till griefs rejoice ?  
Answer, what oft-repining woe o'erpowers  
That lay serene, the Reaper and the Flowers ?

So large thy sympathies, thy hand can trace  
Charms in each clime and glory in each race.  
So penetrant thy love, its gaze can find  
God in the flower, His breathings in the wind ;  
Mesh with mere hempen coil in Rope-walk spun  
All human joys and ills beneath the sun ;  
Wake with grand echoes of responsive rhymes  
Long silent notes of mediæval chimes ;  
Nay, hear in hush of serried arms arrayed  
"The diapason of the cannonade."

'Mid purgatorial fires, in heaven, in hell,  
Thy dauntless soul hath lately dared to dwell,  
Passing o'er burning marl, where Dante trod  
With Virgil's ghost, to Beatrice and God.  
Yet, rarely gifted Nature to translate,  
Reflect not others thus : thyself create.  
Ring out once more in thy own golden lines  
Life's inner meaning, not the Florentine's—  
Thou who hast given thy dreamings to our sight  
And syllabled the Voices of the Night :  
Thou who hast sung, as none but thou couldst  
sing,

The tender legend of the Angel-King :  
Thou who around with affluent hand hast  
thrown

The heavenly largess of thy benison,  
Regarding none as alien to thy breast—  
Columbia's Poet, hail as England's Guest.

C. K.

## A WELCOME.

HERE's a welcome to you, Professor,  
Arrived on the English strand ;  
For your songs across the Atlantic  
In the tongue of the mother-land.

Your lyrics are loved of the household,  
That knows no Academy's law :—  
One hand's warm pressure is better  
Than a whole world's distant awe.

It's cold in the clear blue ether,  
That the king of the eagles achieves :—  
But the swallows have endless summer,  
And build close under our eaves.

And the voices that bid you welcome  
Are many, and tender, and true—  
They'd not shout for the best of the poets  
As loud as they're hailing you !

Come to the homes of the people,  
Where your household words are dear ;  
There's seldom a poet has sung them  
Such lyrics of courage and cheer.

The poet who taught "Resignation,"  
Who sang us the "Psalm of Life"—  
You are dear to them all, Professor,  
Child, parent, husband, and wife !

Aye, let Universities seat you  
In Temples of Honours and Arts :—  
The people of England, Sir, greet you,  
And open the doors of their hearts.

Fun.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

*The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 1867.

THE contrast between English and French colonization is striking. The English settler applies himself to toil with a consciousness that it is the lot of Adam's sons to eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, and with a love of the toil which is his heritage. He has no liking for idleness, no passion for pleasure; his object in life is subsistence, and, if he can fill his mouth, and support a family, he cares not what labour it may cost him. He applies himself at once to till the ground; agriculture is at once his labour and his delight. The never ungrateful earth becomes more productive the longer it is tilled. The settler's cabin is replaced by a substantial farm, round which cluster cottages, and stores are opened for trade. The hamlet becomes a village, and the village grows into a town. From each small centre fresh germs of civilization are cast forth, and the work of advance progresses neither slowly nor insecurely. It is like the march of a disciplined army through a hostile country. It has its basis of operations; it sends out skirmishers, it levels obstacles, cuts down forests, fills ravines which may harbour foes, then throws forward a wing to occupy some advantageous point, without breaking the chain of interconnexion with the centre of the force. Presently the whole body is brought up in line with the wing, again to throw out feelers, and grasp vantage grounds, and again, having cleared the area before it, to move bodily forward.

It was thus that England colonized North America. There was no one directing genius to regulate and systematize the movement, but Englishmen learn by experience, and are guided by their apprehension of what is reasonable.

The French settler is a man of different calibre; he is not fond of toil: if he labours, it is that he may enjoy himself afterwards; he does not resolve to make his home in the new land which he treads, but regards himself as an exile, and sighs over his toil for the charms of *la belle France*. His tastes are not for tillage; the chase and war are more congenial pursuits. Careless and

thrifless, he lives happy in the midst of a poverty which would urge the English settler on to redoubled labour, and is content if he can have his Sunday dance, and his nightly carouse. The French colonist in Canada presented a sharp contrast to the stern Puritan settler in New England. The latter bent over his spade and plough, with gloomy brow and dogged determination. England was no land for which he could sigh; the wilderness was to be his home, and he resolved to cut and trim the wilderness to suit his quaker tastes. The Canadian, on the other hand, cared little for the soil. He roved the forests after game; consorting with Indians, learning their arts, forgetting his own; acquiring their barbarism, shaking off his own civilization; darting with them in canoes over the milky foam of the rapid; stalking the moose with them on mocassined feet amongst the snows of winter, trapping the wolverine; spreading his bearskin in a lodge of an Indian village; flinging himself into the habits, pursuits, superstitions and license of his savage companions. Thus the Frenchman failed to establish himself on the continent of America, whilst the English Puritan was rooting himself ineradicably in the new soil.

Canada was the true child of France and the Church. The Cross of Christ and the lilies of the Bourbon were planted there side by side. The priest and the soldier, the settler and the nun, went forth together to the wilderness. 'Feebly rooted in the soil, she thrust out branches which overshadowed half America; a magnificent object to the eye, but one which the first whirlwind would prostrate in the dust.' Canada offered no inducement to French colonists of energy. The Huguenots would gladly have hurried there to exercise their religion in freedom, but the ports were closed to them. It was only offered to the Catholic and the Royalist, and for such there was many an opening in the mother country. Consequently, those who went forth to the new world were those who had wasted their substance in the old land, thrifless and improvident, and most unlikely to effect a permanent settlement in another, or they were soldiers sent to guard the forts, and priests to convert the heathen.

So thoroughly had the task of coloniza-

tion failed, that it would probably have been abandoned, had not the hope of dispelling the darkness of heathendom in those trackless forests, by the pure light of the Faith, taken possession of the imagination and religious enthusiasm of France.

Champlain, the founder of Quebec, a brave soldier, a statesman, and a devout Christian, had said: 'The saving of one soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire;' and, to forward the work of conversion, he brought with him from France four monks of the order of St. Francis.

It was with the Jesuits that the glory of the conversion of the Indians of Canada rests. The history of their mission is strange, instructive, and interesting. It presents to us a picture of the wondrous power of faith, impelling men to endure all, renounce all, in the ardour of their devotion to a cause. But above all is it marvellous, as exhibiting an instance of the mysterious ways of Providence, which are past man's finding out. The Jesuit scheme, had it succeeded, would have rescued the North American Indian from annihilation. It aimed at distributing communities of Christianized natives through the valleys of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, ruled by priests in the interest of Catholicity and of France; it desired to break them of their nomadic habits and their instincts of mutual slaughter, and to develop their habits of agriculture and trade. The decline of Indian population would have been arrested; undecimated by internecine war it would have put forth a vigorous growth, and Canada would have been the seat of a great native Christian people in close alliance with France, whilst as yet the colonies of England were but a weak and broken line along the shore of the Atlantic. Great and noble as was this scheme, not from a Christian point of view alone, but from a philanthropic point as well, it was destined to failure, and that from an unforeseen cause.

In 1632, Paul Le Jeune, a Jesuit father, received the command to embark for the New World. He was in his convent at Dieppe when the order reached him, and he started, filled, as he assures us, with inexpressible joy at the prospect of a living or a dying martyrdom. At Rouen he was joined by De Nouë and by a lay brother, and they

sailed together on the 18th of April. The vessel encountered many storms, and the missionaries were very sea-sick. At length they came in sight of 'that miserable country,' as Le Jeune calls the scene of his future labours. It was in the harbour of Tadoussac that he first saw the objects of his apostolic cares; for, as he sat in the ship's cabin with the master, it was suddenly invaded by a dozen Indians, whom he compares to maskers at the Carnival. Some had their cheeks painted black, their noses blue, and the rest of their faces red. Others were decorated with a broad band of black across the eyes; and others, again, with diverging rays of black, blue, and red on both cheeks.

On the 5th of July, Le Jeune reached Quebec, and settled himself and his companions in two hovels on the St. Charles. The Jesuit at once set himself to learn the Indian language. Winter closed in. The St. Lawrence was hard frozen. Rivers, forests, and rocks were mantled alike in dazzling sheets of snow. The humble mission house of Notre-Dame des Anges was half buried in the drifts, which rose two feet above the low eaves. The priests, sitting by night before the blazing logs of their wide throated chimney, heard the trees in the neighbouring forest cracking with frost, with a sound like the report of a pistol. Le Jeune's ink froze, and his fingers were numb, as he toiled at his declensions and conjugations, and translated the Lord's Prayer into blundering Algonquin. An Indian made the missionary a present of two small children, and he at once set himself to teach them Christian doctrine. As the season grew milder, the number of his scholars increased, for Le Jeune would stand in his door and ring a bell, a signal to all children that after a lesson in the Creed, the Pater, and the sign of the Cross, they were to be rewarded with a porringer of peas.

In May, Champlain arrived to take the command of Quebec, bringing with him four more Jesuits, Brébeuf, Masse, Daniel, and Davost. In October, Le Jeune, determined to obtain proficiency in the Algonquin tongue, started with a band of Indians to spend the winter with them in the forest. Without following his adventures with the



Algonquins, we will quote a sketch of the life he led among them, as a sample of that which was to be the future lot of the whole Jesuit band.

"Put aside the bearskin, and enter the hut. Here, in a space some thirteen feet square, were packed nineteen savages, men, women, and children, with their dogs, crouched, squatted, coiled like hedgehogs, or lying on their backs, with knees drawn up perpendicularly to keep their feet out of the fire. Le Jeune, always methodical, arranges the grievances inseparable from these rough quarters, under four chief heads, — cold, heat, smoke, and dogs. The bark covering was full of crevices, through which the icy blasts streamed in upon him from all sides; and the hole above, at once window and chimney, was so large, that, as he lay, he could watch the stars as well as in the open air. While the fire in the midst, fed with fat pine-knots, scorched him on one side, on the other he had much ado to keep himself from freezing. At times, however, the crowded hut seemed heated to the temperature of an oven. During a snow-storm, and often at other times, the wigwam was filled with fumes so dense, stifling, and acrid, that all its inmates were forced to lie flat on their faces, breathing through mouths in contact with the cold earth. Their throats and nostrils felt as if on fire; their scorched eyes streamed with tears; and when Le Jeune tried to read, the letters of his breviary seemed printed in blood. The dogs ran and jumped over him as he lay, snatched the food from his birchen dish, or, in a mad rush at some bone or discarded morsel, now and then upset both dish and missionary. Sometimes of an evening he would leave the filthy den, to read his breviary in peace by the light of the moon. In the forest around, sounded the sharp crack of frost-riven trees; and from the horizon to the zenith shot up the silent meteors of the Northern lights, in whose fitful flashings the awe-struck Indians beheld the dancing of the spirits of the dead. The cold gnawed him to the bone; and his devotions over, he turned back shivering. The illuminated hut, from many a chink and crevice, shot forth into the gloom long streams of light, athwart the twisted boughs. He stooped and entered. All within glowed red and fiery around the blazing pine-knots, where, like brutes in their kennel, were gathered the savage crew." — Pp. 27-29.

The Jesuits soon learned that the Algonquin tribes, with whom the French were

brought into closest contact, were very inferior in intellect, in civilization, and in general character to the savages more remote. By the vast lakes of the West dwelt numerous stationary populations, the chief belonging to the great Huron race, settled on the lake which still bears their name. In 1639 the Jesuits made an enumeration of the Huron villages, dwellings, and families, and ascertained that the total population was at least twelve thousand. The Huron nation was a confederacy of four distinct contiguous nations, and was powerful. The only people at all their match were the Iroquois, who occupied the territory between the lakes and New England. This ferocious tribe had not as yet exerted itself against the Hurons, nor shown its full power. The Iroquois were not as numerous as the Hurons, and there was no reason for the Jesuits to suspect that these latter would be swept from the face of the earth by the other savages.

The priests determined to invade the territory of the Hurons, and form there a basis for future conquests, for, the Hurons once won, the Faith would spread in wider and wider circles, embracing one after another the kindred tribes. The way was pathless and long, by rock and torrent, and the gloom of primeval forests. The goal was more dreary still; toil, hardship, famine, filth, sickness, solitude, insult, and perhaps martyrdom. But the missionary did not shrink; once satisfied that the course selected was the right one, he cast himself into it with devotion and self-sacrifice.

Eliot, the Protestant missionary, niggled at proselytism within range of the guns of Boston; Brainerd visited Indian camps for a brief period, to return again to his domestic comforts; but these Catholic fathers flung from them every chance of safety, every hope of ease, and entered dauntlessly on a course which was to be a living and a dying martyrdom. By the help of strong liquors and direct compulsion, the Puritans laboured to improve the natives off the face of the earth, whilst, with the Cross, these Jesuits toiled to erect the only possible barrier against their destruction.

In 1634 Brébeuf, Daniel, Davost, and some French attendants left Quebec in the company of some Hurons for their destina-

tion in the wilds of the West. Barefoot, lest their shoes should injure the frail canoes in which they were paddled, crouched up, and endeavouring to propel the boats with their unpractised hands, week after week passed; before them the same lank, unkempt hair, the same tawny shoulders, and long, naked arms, ceaselessly plying the paddle. Their only food was a pittance of Indian corn, crushed between two stones and mixed with water. Davost's Indian robbed him of a part of his baggage and threw it into the river, including the writing materials of the three priests. At length, after a wearisome and painful journey, they met at their destination on the shores of Thunder Bay of Lake Huron. The central mission-house was built at Ihonatiria. It was thirty-six feet long, and about twenty feet wide, built of wood and divided into three apartments; the first served as a hall, as ante-room, and as store; the second was kitchen, dining and drawing-room, school-room and bed-chamber; the third was the chapel. There was no lack of visitors, for the house of the 'Black-robos' contained marvels, the fame of which was noised abroad to the uttermost confines of the Huron nation. Chief of these was the clock. The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded, one of the Frenchmen would cry, 'Stop!' and to the admiration of the company, the obedient clock was silent. There was also a magnifying glass wherein a flea was transformed into a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens, which showed them the same object eleven times repeated. 'All this,' says Brébeuf, 'serves to gain their affection, and make them more docile in respect to the admirable and incomprehensible mysteries of our Faith.'

"What does the Captain say?" was the frequent question—for by this title of honour they designated the clock.

"When he strikes twelve times, he says, 'Hang on the kettle;' and when he strikes four times, he says, 'Get up, and go home.'" Both interpretations were well remembered. At noon, visitors were never wanting to share the Father's sanganule; but at the stroke of four, all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace. Now the door was barred, and, gathering around the fire, they discussed the prospects of the mission, compared their several experiences, and took counsel for the future.—P. 61.

'At every opportunity, the missionaries gathered together the children of the village at their house. On these occasions, Brébeuf, for greater

solemnity, put on a surplice, and the close, angular cap worn by Jesuits in their convents. First he chanted the *Pater Noster*, translated by Father Daniel into Huron rhymes, the children chanting in their turn. Next he taught them the sign of the cross; made them repeat the *Ave*, the *Credo*, and the commandments; questioned them as to past instructions; gave them briefly a few new brief ones; and dismissed them with a present of two or three beads, raisins, or prunes.'—P. 63.

In 1635 two more Jesuits arrived, Pijart and Le Mercier; and in the summer of the next year three more, Jogues, Chatelain, and Garnier. Scarcely had the new-comers arrived, when a frightful pestilence broke out among the Hurons, and with it soon appeared a new and more fearful scourge, the small-pox. The contagion increased in autumn, and, when winter came, its ravages were appalling. The Jesuits, singly or in pairs, journeyed in the depth of cold from village to village, ministering to the sick, and seeking to commend their religious teachings by their efforts to relieve bodily distress. As the missionaries entered one of the smoky dens, he saw the inmates, their heads muffled in their robes of skin, seated around the fires in silent dejection. Everywhere was heard the wail of sick and dying children, and on or under the platforms at the sides of the house crouched squalid men and women, in all stages of the distemper. The priest approached, offered medicines, and then preached salvation. Sometimes he baptized a dying child, but rarely an adult. 'I wish to go where my relations have gone.' 'If I go to the French heaven, I shall have nothing to eat.' Such were the replies he got. 'Do they hunt or war in heaven?' asked an anxious inquirer. 'Oh, no!' replied the Father. 'Then,' returned the guest, 'I will not go there. It is ill to be lazy.' Nor, when the dying savage had been persuaded to express a desire for Paradise, was it an easy matter to bring him to due contrition for his sins; for he would deny with indignation that he had ever committed any. 'Why did you baptize that Iroquois?' asked one of the dying neophytes; 'he will get to heaven before us, and when he sees us coming, he will drive us out.'

At one little town, the people, wearied out with plague, asked Brébeuf what was to be done to stop the pestilence. 'Believe in God,' replied the priest; 'keep his commandments, abjure your faith in dreams; take but one wife and be true to her; give up your superstitious feasts and your assemblies of debauchery; eat no human flesh; never give feasts to devils; and make

a vow, if God will deliver you from this pest, that you will build a chapel to offer Him thanksgiving and praise.' The terms were too hard, and were rejected.

Suspicion arose among the Indians that the Fathers inoculated them with the plague, and they began to regard baptism with terror, and forbade the priests performing the sacred rite over their dying children. Here the questionable morality of the Jesuit permitted subterfuge; while pretending to be giving sugar and water to an infant, he secretly baptized it; or, with the moistened corner of his handkerchief, touched it and pronounced the sacramental words.

In 1637 a mission was founded at Ossossané, or Rochelle, under Father Pijart. And here at length the first Huron real convert, in full health and manhood, was baptized. The event was made as solemn and impressive as possible. The chapel was gorgeously adorned with candles, pictures, and sacred vessels.

'Indians were there in throngs, and the house was closely packed; warriors, old and young, glistening in grease and sunflower-oil, with uncouth locks, a trifle less coarse than a horse's mane, and faces perhaps smeared with paint in honour of the occasion; wenches in gay attire; hags muffled in a filthy discarded deer-skin, their leathern visages corrugated with age and malice, and their hard, glistening eyes riveted on the spectacle before them. The priests, no longer in their daily garb of black, but radiant in their surplices, the genuflexions, the tinkling of the bell, the swinging of the censer, the sweet odours so unlike the fumes of the smoky lodge-fires, the mysterious elevation of the Host (for a mass followed the baptism) and the agitation of the neophyte, whose Indian imperturbability fairly deserted him,—all these combined to produce on the minds of the savage beholders an impression that seemed to promise a rich harvest for the faith. To the Jesuits it was a day of triumph and of hope. The ice had been broken, the wedge had entered; light had dawned at last on the long night of heathenism.'—Pp. 112, 113.

With this cheering gleam came, however, a descending cloud, full of black augury. The Indians became more than ever impressed that the small-pox was due to the missionaries. They had a picture of the 'Last Judgment.' It became an object of the utmost terror, being regarded as a charm. On the top of a spruce-tree near the mission-house was a small streamer to show the direction of the wind. This, too, was taken to be a death-dealing charm. The clock also now excited the wildest terror; and the Jesuits were forced to stop it, since, when it struck, it was supposed to

sound the signal of death. The litanies of the priests were mistaken for incantations. Nocturnal councils were held, and the death of the Jesuits was decreed; and, as they walked their rounds, whispering groups of children gazed after them as men doomed to die. Their house was set on fire; in public every face was averted from them, and the few converts they had made came to them privately to entreat them to fly, as their death was determined upon. The imperilled Jesuits now took a singular, but certainly a wise step. They gave a farewell feast, such as was enjoined by Huron custom on those about to die. The house was packed with feasters, and Brébeuf, standing before the dusky revellers, addressed them as usual on his unfailing themes of God, Paradise, and Hell. The throng listened in gloomy silence; and each, when he had emptied his bowl, rose and departed. This move of the Jesuits was a declaration that they knew, but did not shrink from their danger. From that time forth, the clouds that overhung them became sensibly lighter.

In 1638 twelve French artisans from Quebec built a wooden chapel, at Ossossané. Here there were about sixty converts, and of a Sunday morning in winter, they might have been seen coming to mass, often from a considerable distance, 'as naked,' says Lalemant, 'as your hand, except a skin over their backs like a mantle, and, in the coldest weather, a few skins around their feet and legs.' They knelt, along with the French mechanics, before the altar, sang Huron hymns, and received the bread of life together.

The priests testify to the value of pictures in missionary agency. They write to order—

'A variety of souls in perdition—*âmes damnées*—most of them to be mounted in a portable form. Particular directions are given with respect to the demons, dragons, flames, and other essentials of these works of art. Of souls in bliss—*âmes bienheureuses*—he (Garnier) thinks one will be enough. All the pictures must be in full face, not in profile; and they must look directly at the beholders with open eyes.'—P. 133.

If the work of the missionaries was slow, it was the more sure. The morals and superstitions of the Huron Indians were of the grossest character, and much had to be unlearned before the fundamental principles of Christianity could be acquired.

'The mind of the savage was by no means that beautiful blank which some have represented it; there was much to be erased as well as to be

written. They must renounce a host of superstitions, to which they were attached with a strange tenacity, or which may rather be said to have been ingrained in their very natures. Certain points of Christian morality were also strongly urged by the missionaries, who insisted that the convert should take but one wife, and not cast her off without grave cause, and that he should renounce the gross licence almost universal among the Hurons. Murder, cannibalism, and several offences were also forbidden.'—P. 134.

In 1639 the Jesuits resolved on establishing one central station as a focus whence the light of the Faith might radiate through all the wilderness around, instead of isolating the missionaries at separate stations in the several Huron towns. This was to serve at once as residence, fort, magazine, hospital, and convent. Hence the priests would set forth on missionary expeditions far and near; and hither they could retire, as to an asylum, in sickness or in peril. Here also the converts were to be settled and taught the arts of husbandry, and preserved from the perverting influences of their fellow-savages. In fact, the ancient monastic system of central abbey with cells dotted over the country, was reproduced in the wilds of Canada. The site of this station was near the Matchedash Bay of Luke Huron. Traces of it exist to this day. It was called *Sainte-Marie*. From this centre the intrepid missionaries visited distant nations, the Neutrals and the Tobaccos, enduring terrible hardships, and with their life ever in their hands. In 1641 broke out the desolating Iroquois war, which was to be the ruin of the mission. But, before entering on this eventful period for the Huron mission, it will be necessary to cast a look at Quebec, and see what the Jesuits had been doing there, at their Canadian head-quarters.

Champlain had been succeeded by De Montmagny, as Governor of Quebec, a worthy successor to that heroic and Christian soldier. One of his first acts on entering on his duties, was to stand sponsor to a dying Indian. Le Jeune's letters to France had been published, and had stirred up an intense interest in the mission.

'He reads how, in a single convent, thirteen nuns have devoted themselves, by a vow, to the work of converting Indian women and children; how in the Church of Montmartre, a nun lies prostrate day and night before the altar, praying for the mission; how the Carmelites are all as fire, the Ursulines full of zeal, the Sisters of the Visitation have no words to speak their ardour; how some person unknown but blessed of Heaven, means to found a school for Huron children; how the Duchesse d'Aiguillon has sent

out six workmen to build a hospital for the Indians; how, in every house of the Jesuits, young priests turn eager eyes towards Canada; and how, on the voyage thither, the devils raised a tempest, endeavouring, in vain fury, to drown the invaders of their American domain.'—P. 151.

In 1640, various new religious establishments were erected at Quebec. A school for Huron children was begun; an Ursuline convent, an incipient hospital, a new Algonquin mission at a place called Sillery were in progress. On the 15th of July, Madame de la Peltre, a pious but very wilful lady with a fortune, at the head of a community of Ursulines, her especial pets, arrived in Canada. The most remarkable of these nuns was Marie de l'Incarnation, who had been an ecstatic visionary in France, but who with practical work in the Algonquin mission, became a sensible and useful person.\* The ladies were delighted with the prospect of work; here was something to exercise their sympathies, long driven in by the stifling atmosphere of the French convent. In the transports of their zeal, they seized and kissed every Indian female child on whom they could lay hands, 'without minding,' says Father Le Jeune, 'whether they were dirty or not.' Marie de S. Barnard, a fair and delicate girl, was another of the Ursulines. 'Her disposition is charming,' writes one of the nuns to France; 'in our times of recreation she often makes us cry with laughing; it would be hard to be melancholy when she is near.' Beside the cloister stood a large ash-tree; and it stands there still. Beneath its shade Marie de l'Incarnation, the Superior, and her nuns instructed the little savages in the truths of the Gospel.

In Anjou dwelt one Jérôme de la Dauversière, a receiver of taxes. One day, whilst at his devotions, he heard an inward voice commanding him to found a hospital on the island of Montreal, in Canada. Montreal was then a wilderness, and the hospital, if erected, would have no patients. However, the voice was to be obeyed, and Dauversière selected priests and nuns, then chose a governor for the island, the Sieur de Maisonneuve, forty workmen, obtained authority from the Crown, and sent them off to Canada to found Montreal. On the 17th of May, 1642, Maisonneuve's little flotilla, a pinnacle, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sail, and two row-boats, approached the tree-grown island of Montreal, all on board raising in unison a hymn of praise.

\*On the following day, they glided along the green and solitary shores, now thronged with the

life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site for a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the S. Lawrence. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

'Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example, and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand; and Mademoiselle Marie, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies, with their servant; Montmagny, and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him, soldiers, sailors, artisans, and labourers, all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them: "You are a grain of mustard-seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

'The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fire-flies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar, where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal.'—Pp. 207-209.

It was thirty-two years since the French had first attacked the Iroquois. They had nursed their wrath for more than a generation, and at length their hour was come. The Dutch traders provided them with fire-arms. In 1641, mutterings of the impending storm reached the Jesuits of the Huron Mission, and warned the little colony of Montreal to be on its guard. Sometimes war parties hovered about the fortifications of Quebec. Scalped corpses of fur-traders were discovered in the woods, Iroquois war-whoops pealed through the sombre forests, and their canoes darted over the lakes upon unprotected Algonquin or Huron villages, or intercepted boats descending the S. Lawrence with furs.

In 1642, the Jesuit Isaac Jogues, with two young Frenchmen, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture, laymen, who, from a religious motive and without pay, had at-

tached themselves to the mission, went to Quebec to obtain a supply of necessaries for the Huron Mission of S. Marie. They were returning with about forty Indians in twelve canoes. Jogues was a constitutionally timid man, with a refined, and delicate mind; he was a finished scholar. His oval face, and the mould of his features, indicated a modest, thoughtful, and intelligent nature. The canoes had reached the western end of the Lake of S. Peter, when they were attacked by the Iroquois. The Hurons, seized with panic, leaped ashore and fled into the woods. Goupil, and several of the Christian converts who showed fight, were captured. Jogues sprang into the bulrushes, and might have escaped; but when he saw Goupil and the neophytes in the hands of the Iroquois, he came out of his hiding-place and gave himself up. Couture had eluded pursuit; but when he thought of Jogues, and of what might be his fate, he resolved not to desert him, and he retraced his steps. Four Iroquois, on catching sight of him, rushed at him like tigers, stripped off all his clothing, tore away his finger-nails with their teeth, gnawed his fingers with the fury of famished dogs, and thrust a sword through one of his hands. Jogues broke from his guard, and threw his arms round his friend's neck. The savages tore him away, beat him with war-clubs, and bit and lacerated his fingers as they had done those of Couture. Captives were brought up at each moment, and the priest, with his bleeding and mangled hands, baptized those who asked for the regenerating stream.

For days the captives were dragged about in the train of their ferocious enemies. The pain and fever of their wounds, and the clouds of mosquitoes, left them no peace by day, nor sleep by night. On the way they were beaten with such cruelty that Jogues fell powerless, drenched in blood, and fainting. His hands were again gnawed, and fire was applied to his body. At night, when the exhausted prisoners sought rest, the young warriors came to rip open their closing wounds, and pluck out their hair. At the expiration of thirteen days the war party arrived in their towns, bearing with them in triumph their captives. They were made to run the gauntlet between lines of savages armed with sticks and cudgels. They were then placed on a high platform, and exposed to the mockery and taunts of the whole town. They were allowed a few minutes to recover their breath, and then a chief called out, 'Come, let us caress these Frenchmen.' A Christian Algonquin woman, a prisoner among the Iroquois, was



ordered to cut off Jogues' left thumb, which she did, and a thumb of Goupil was also severed, a clam-shell being used as the instrument, in order to increase the pain. It is not necessary to detail the tortures these unfortunate men were called on to undergo: they were chosen, with infernal cruelty, to cause the greatest possible suffering without endangering life. At night they were stretched on the ground on their backs, their ankles and wrists bound fast to stakes driven into the ground, and left to the children, who amused themselves by placing live coals on the naked and quivering bodies.

In the midst of his sufferings the priest remembered others. Four Huron prisoners were brought in and placed on the scaffold beside him. He took the opportunity to convert them, and baptized them with a few rain-drops which he discovered clinging to the husks of green maize thrown to him for food. Jogues and Goupil were spared, and the priest took measures to baptize dying infants. Goupil once signed a little child with the cross; at this the relations took alarm, for the Dutch Calvinists had told them that the cross came from the devil; and, thinking that Goupil was bewitching the child, his death was resolved on. The priest and the young layman were walking together in the forest, reciting their prayers and taking sweet counsel together, when an Indian struck Goupil down with a hatchet, and the young man fell, murmuring the name of Christ. Jogues bowed over him and gave him absolution, ere he breathed his last. A touching picture is presented to us of the anxiety of the good priest for the safety of his friend's body.

'Jogues passed a night of anguish and desolation, and in the morning, reckless of life, set forth in search of Goupil's remains. The corpse had been flung into a neighboring ravine, at the bottom of which ran a torrent; and here Jogues found it, stripped naked, and gnawed by dogs. He dragged it into the water, and covered it with stones to save it from further mutilation, resolving to return alone on the following day and secretly bury it. But with the night there came a storm; and when, in the grey of the morning, Jogues descended to the brink of the stream, he found it a rolling, turbid flood, and the body was nowhere to be seen. Jogues waded into the cold current, (it was the 1st of October), he sounded it with his feet and with his stick; he searched the rocks, the thicket, the forest; but all in vain. Then, crouching by the pitiless stream, he mingled his tears with its waters, and in a voice broken with groans, chanted the Service of the Dead.' — P. 245.

Eventually Jogues escaped, through the

assistance of the Dutch colonists, and he obtained a passage in a small vessel to Europe. The voyage was rough and tedious; and the passenger slept on a coil of ropes on deck, suffering much from the cold, and drenched by the waves that broke over the side. On Christmas-eve he was set ashore a little north of Brest, in Brittany. What followed is too pathetic not to be given in our author's own words:—

'Seeing a peasant's cottage not far off, he approached it, and asked his way to the nearest church. The peasant and his wife mistook him for some poor but pious Irishman, and asked him to share their supper, after finishing his devotions,—an invitation which Jogues, half famished as he was, gladly accepted. He reached the church in time for the evening mass (midnight mass of Christmas-night), and with unutterable joy knelt before the altar, and received the Communion of which he had been deprived so long. When he returned to the cottage, the attention of his hosts was at once attracted to his mutilated and distorted hands. They asked with amazement how he could have received such injuries; and when they heard the story of his tortures, their surprise and veneration knew no bounds. Two young girls, the daughters, begged him to accept all they had to give,—a handful of sous,—while the peasant made known the character of his new guest to his neighbours. A trader from Rennes bought a horse to carry him to the Jesuit college in that town. He gratefully accepted it; and on the morning of the 5th of January, 1644, reached his destination. He dismounted, and knocked at the door of the college. The porter opened it, and saw a man wearing on his head an old woollen night-cap, and in an attire little better than that of a beggar. Jogues asked to see the Rector; but the porter answered, coldly, that the Rector was busy in the sacristy. Jogues begged him to say that a man was at the door with news from Canada. . . . The father Rector was putting on his vestments to say mass; but when he heard that a poor man from Canada had asked for him at the door, he postponed the service, and went to meet him. Jogues, without discovering himself, gave him a letter from the Dutch Director-General attesting his character. The Rector, without reading it, began to question him as to the affairs of Canada, and at length asked him if he knew Father Jogues.

"I know him very well," was the reply. "The Iroquois have taken him," pursued the Rector. "Is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," answered Jogues; "he is alive and at liberty, and I am he." And he fell on his knees to ask his Superior's blessing." — Pp. 236-238.

With the opening spring this devoted priest sailed again for Canada. The Jesuit Bressini suffered tortures as great from the

hands of the Iroquois, but he was not the first martyr unto death. He escaped with scarce a portion of his body unscarred, with his hands mangled with the teeth of his enemies, and his fingers split. The first to die was the aged De Nouë, who was frozen to death whilst performing an act of kindness for his French and Indian companions on a journey. He was found with his head bare, his eyes open and turned to heaven, kneeling in the snow, with his arms crossed on his breast.

In 1646 Jogues was sent as an ambassador with a message to the Iroquois, from the Governor of Quebec. But his errand was not merely political, it was also religious, for not only was he to be the bearer of wampum belts from De Montmagny, but he was also to found among those ferocious savages a new mission, to be entitled the Mission of the Martyr. A slight peace had been made between the French and the Iroquois, and it was hoped that it would be confirmed by a settlement of Jesuits amongst them. At first all went on promisingly, but the superstitious fears of the savages having been aroused over some trifle, he was fallen upon by them, the flesh cut in thin strips from his back and arms, and he was finally despatched with a tomahawk. The war now burst forth with redoubled fury, and the Iroquois fell like wolves on the Hurons and Algonquins, as well as on the French, and war continued uninterruptedly till the Hurons had ceased to exist, and the fields white for harvest had been reduced to desolation.

It is now time for us to turn back to the Huron Mission. The seed sown had taken root and was showing blade and ear. In some towns the Christians outnumbered the heathen, and in nearly all they formed a strong party. Churches were built at Ossossané, at S. Joseph, S. Ignace, S. Michel, and S. Jean-Baptiste, each with its bell ringing every morning for mass, which was attended daily by crowds of converts. The missionaries had not merely succeeded in making formal Christians, but had succeeded in a marvellous manner in eradicating the deep-rooted superstitions, and licence and barbarity of the proselytes. The converts set their faces against the torture of prisoners, which had been of old their chief delight. On one occasion, Etienne Totiri, whilst his heathen countrymen were tormenting a captive Iroquois, stood boldly forth to denounce their cruelty. The dying wretch asked to be baptized, and the convert took upon himself to administer the Sacrament, amidst the hootings of his kindred and countrymen, who, as he ran to the

burning pile with a cup of water, pushed him to and fro to make him spill it.

The Huron who embraced the Faith, renounced thenceforth the feasts, dances, and debauches in which was his delight. In health he was debarred from joining in the social entertainments of his people; in sickness he was forbidden to apply to the medicine men, who were no better than sorcerers. 'To be a chief and a Christian,' writes Lalemant, 'is to combine fire and water; for the business of the chief is mainly to do the devil's bidding, preside over ceremonies of hell, and excite the young Indians to dances, feasts, and shameless indecencies.' It is the fashion for Protestants to despise Catholic missions, because the priests insist on external sacramental observances; and nothing is more common than to hear slighting remarks on such missions as being a system of proselytism to toys, trinkets, and ceremonies. Our own miserable failure in mission work should make us more humble. External observances are of use for impressing truths internally. And it is entirely and gratuitously false to charge Catholic missionaries with care for externals, and neglect of that which those outward and visible signs symbolize.

In March 1649 there were in the Huron country eighteen Jesuit priests, four lay brothers, twenty-three men, serving without pay, for the love of God; seven hired men, four boys, and eight soldiers. All was order, discipline, and subordination. Some of the men were assigned to household work, and some to the hospital, whilst the rest laboured at the fortifications of S. Marie, tilled the fields, or stood ready, in case of need, to fight the Iroquois. Fifteen of the priests were engaged in distant missions, and the rest remained permanently at S. Marie. Two or three times in the year they all assembled at S. Marie to take counsel together, hold a retreat, and nerve themselves for fresh labour. The historian draws for us a pleasant picture of the Fathers assembled in 1649:—

'It was a scene that might recall a remote half-feudal, half-patriarchal age, when, under the smoky rafters of his antique hall, some warlike Thane sat, with kinsmen and dependants ranged down the long board, each in his degree. Here, doubtless, Ragueneau, the Father Superior, held the place of honour; and, for chieftains scarred with Danish battle-axes, was seen a band of thoughtful men, clad in a threadbare garb of black, their brows swarthy from exposure, yet marked with the lines of intellect and a fixed enthusiasm of purpose. Here was Bressini, scarred with firebrand and knife; Chabanel, once a professor of rhetoric in France, now a

missionary bound by a self-imposed vow to a life from which his nature recoiled; the fanatical Chaumont, whose character savoured of his peasant birth, yet, such as his faith was, he was ready to die for it. Garnier, beardless like a woman, was of a far finer nature. His religion was of the affections and sentiments; and his imagination, warmed with the ardour of his faith, shaped the ideal forms of his worship into visible realities. Brébeuf sat conspicuous among his brethren, portly and tall, his short moustache and beard grizzled with time,—for he was fifty-six years old. If he seemed impassive, it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind. The enthusiasm which with many is fitful and spasmodic, was with him the current of his life, solemn and deep as the tide of destiny . . . Gabriel Lalemant, nephew of Jérôme Lalemant, was Brébeuf's colleague at the Mission of S. Ignace. His slender frame and delicate features gave him an appearance of youth, though he had reached middle life; and as in the case of Garnier, the fervour of his mind sustained him through exertions of which he seemed physically incapable. Of the rest of that company little has come down to us but the bare record of their missionary toils; and we may ask in vain what youthful enthusiasm, what broken hope or faded dream, turned the current of their lives, and sent them from the heart of civilization to this savage outpost of the world. There was a gap in their number. The place of Antoine Daniel was empty, and never more to be filled by him,—never at least in the flesh. Daniel's station had been at S. Joseph; but the mission and the missionary had alike ceased to exist.—Pp. 370-372.

The Mission of S. Joseph had been blessed with excellent results. On the morning of the 4th of July it had been unexpectedly attacked by the Iroquois. Daniel was about to celebrate mass at the time that the war-whoop of the savages, and the cries of the startled Hurons, told him of the attack. He ran out of church and hurried to the point of danger, rallied the defenders, called on the unbaptized to receive the holy rite, and exhorted the believers to kneel for absolution. They crowded about him, and he, immersing his pocket-handkerchief in a bowl of water, shook it over them and baptized them by aspersion. The palisade was forced, and the enemy was in the town. The air quivered with the infernal din. The priest urged his flock to fly, as resistance was hopeless, and many took refuge in the woods; but he himself would not follow. When the Iroquois saw him waiting for them before his church-door, radiant in the eucharistic vestments, confronting them with a look kindled with the inspiration of martyrdom, they stopped in amazement; but soon recovering themselves they bent their

bows, and showered on him a volley of arrows. When he fell they hacked his lifeless body, and bathed their faces in his blood.

Eight months after this disaster, S. Louis, the station of Brébeuf and Lalemant, fell. The Huron converts fought bravely, but were outnumbered by the Iroquois, who swarmed the palisades, fired the town, and massacred the inhabitants. Brébeuf was tied to a stake; from whence he exhorted his converts to play the man. The Iroquois, incensed, cut away his lower lip, and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. Lalemant was wrapped in strips of bark smeared with pitch, and set on fire. He called to his Superior, 'We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men.' Scalding water was poured on Brébeuf's head; strips of flesh were cut from his limbs, and devoured before his eyes; at length he was chopped down, his heart torn out and eaten.

A few days after, a detachment from S. Marie sought among the smoking ruins of the station for the remains of the martyrs, and had great difficulty in distinguishing them.

The end of the Hurons had arrived; they were smitten everywhere, and the miserable fragment that remained of this great nation took refuge on an island in the great lake. Thither the missionaries followed them, to find the poor Indians dying with disease and starvation. The forests along the shore swarmed with their mortal foes, and scarce a Huron who ventured thither returned. Winter set in with severity, and the famishing wretches were fain to devour leather and bitter roots.

In the Tobacco nation were two missions, S. Peter and S. Matthias; the former under the charge of Garnier and Chabanel. In November S. Jean was attacked, and its inmates slaughtered. An Iroquois shot Garnier through the body and thigh, tore off his cassock, and left him. Garnier lay for a moment on the ground as if stunned; then, recovering himself, he was seen to rise into a kneeling posture. At a little distance from him lay a Huron mortally wounded, but still showing signs of life. The dying priest endeavoured to drag himself on his broken thigh towards the Indian to give him absolution; but his strength deserted him and he fell. He rose again once more, and again crept forward, when a party of Iroquois rushed upon him and cut him down.

'Thus at the age of forty-four, died Charles Garnier, the favourite child of wealthy and no-

ble parents, nursed in Parisian luxury and ease, thus living and dying, a more than willing exile amid the hardships and horrors of the Huron wilderness. His life and his death are his best eulogy. Brébeuf was the lion of the Huron Mission, and Garnier was the lamb; but the lamb was as fearless as the lion.'—P. 407.

'My pen,' writes Ragenau, 'has no ink black enough to describe the fury of the Iroquois. It is said that hunger will drive wolves from the forest. So, too, our starving Hurons were driven out of a town which had become an abode of horror. It was the end of Lent. Alas! if these poor Christians could have had but acorns and water to keep their fast upon! On Easter-day we caused them to make a general confession. On the following day they went away, leaving us all their little possessions; and most of them declared publicly that they made us their heirs, knowing well that they were near their end. And, in fact, only a few days passed before we heard of the disaster which we had foreseen. These poor people fell into ambuscades of our Iroquois enemies. Some were killed on the spot; some were dragged into captivity; women and children were burned. A few made their escape, and spread dismay and panic everywhere. A week after, another band was overtaken by the same fate. Go where they would, they met with slaughter on all sides. Famine pursued them, or they encountered an enemy more cruel than cruelty itself; and, to crown their misery, they heard that two great armies of Iroquois were on their way to exterminate them.'

The Huron Mission was now abandoned; the Hurons, as a race, had ceased to exist: some escaped to Quebec, some took refuge in the remote West; some, under the name of Wyandots, clung to the neighbourhood of Detroit. The Government of the United States has removed them to reserves on the western frontier, where a remnant of them still exists. A colony surrendered to the Iroquois, promising to change their nationality. They were received by their cruel foes, and distributed among the different villages. They identified themselves with their conquerors in all but religion, holding fast to the Christian faith, though deprived of teachers; and eighteen years after, a Jesuit missionary found them still good Catholics. In 1649 the Huron Church had ceased to be.

In one point of view, the attempt of the Jesuits had come to nought. The Christian colonies they had hoped to found, where were they? The civilization of the Indian race had failed. The acquisition of assistants to France against the increasing power

and growing pretensions of New England had been unsuccessful. But, from a Christian point of view, much had been done, more than any Protestant mission has ever succeeded in effecting, in double the time, and with tenfold resources. In about fifteen years, a band of dauntless priests had overthrown the traditional faith of a great people, had curbed their licence, had developed their humanity, and had made better Christians of them than are to be found in many of our country parishes.

The course of the history of the Jesuit missions has enabled us to give specimens of the style in which Mr. Parkman has written. We know of few historical writers who combine such rare gifts as this American author. In his attention to minute incidents, he reminds us often of Dean Stanley; often also, in his vivid portraiture, he recalls Lord Macaulay. He is generous and ready to give all their due; though himself a Protestant—probably of the most broad school—he does homage to the piety, devotedness, and self-sacrifice of the noble men whose lives and labours he sketches. His power of description, which first became known by his 'History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac,' never flags. The book is written with even force throughout, and possesses an intensity of interest rarely equalled. Mr. Parkman's sketches of lake and forest scenery in the glory of summer, or in the gloom of winter, are of exquisite beauty; and his delicate delineations of character prove him to be an equally accomplished portrait-painter.

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From The Hebrew Leader.

#### THE STUDY OF THE HEBREW.\*

THERE is a book in existence, or rather a collection of books, a whole literature, called the Old Testament. These books, these literary productions, are written in Hebrew. Some parts of this literature can claim an age of more than three thousand years, and if we should concede to the results of modern criticism, that there is no whole book dating so far back, we must at least admit, that considerable elements, which afterwards entered largely into the composition of some of the books, were written in the time of Moses and Joshua. Thus we have witnesses testifying about persons and things, of whom we would probably not know the least would they also have remained silent.

\* A practical Grammar of the Hebrew language, by B. Felsenthal, Ph. Dr. Published by L. H. Frank, 482 Broome street, New York, 1938.

Besides being so antique, the Old Testament literature contains ideas which rule the world. Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, are superstructures erected upon the foundation stone of the Old Testament. The moral and religious ideas of modern society have not their last source in Hellas, but in Judea. The prophets and bards of Palestine did infinitely more to shape the religious conceptions of the world than the orators and poets of Greece and Rome. Salvation comes by the Jews. They are a remarkable people, these Jews. "The people of the book"—so they are called in the Koran. And, indeed, the name is well deserved in a double sense of the word. They are not only the people of the book, but they are also the people of books. Tens of thousands of books of the most varied character have been written by the Jews since their dispersion. The British Museum alone contains a collection of Hebrew books, numbering nearly 11,000 volumes.

Who did not hear of the Mishna, the Gamaras, the Midrashim? of the commentators Rashi, Aben Ezra, Abravanel? of the philosophers Saadiah, Maimonides, Albo? of the jurists Alfasi, Asher, Karo? of the grammarians Abulvalid, Kimchi, Levita? of the poets Gabirol, Jehudah Halevi, Moses ben Ezra? of the Jewish astronomers, mathematicians, physicians, etc., of former ages? And who does not know of what great influence the so-called rabbinical literature was in forming the world of thoughts in the medieval centuries?

Albertus Magnus is dependent on Moses Maimonides, Duns Scotus is a follower of Avicbron (Ibn Gabirol).

Although the study of the Hebrew has such high claims upon the scholar, who would get thoroughly acquainted with the annals of mankind, not only as the facts of history appear on the surface, but as they are produced by the forces working in the depth—still this study is sadly neglected.

There is another aspect to this matter. In regard to its grammatical structure and its lexical elements, the Hebrew deserves the highest attention of the philologist. In the same relation nearly as the Sanskrit stands to the Aryan languages, also stands the Hebrew to the Shemitic languages. Only by a comparative study of the Arabic, Syriac, Chaldean, Samaritan, Phenician, and the kindred dialects, the spirit of the Shemitic languages and Shemitic family of nations will reveal itself unto us. Japhet ought to dwell in the tents of Shem also in that sense, that he masters his language,

understands his history, knows his spirit and his innermost life.

There was a time when the Christians really had great Hebraists. Selden, Lightfoot, Pococke in England, L'Empereur, Surenhus, Leusden in Holland, Wagenseil, Breithaupt, Wolf in Germany, Buxtorf the elder and Buxtorf the younger in Switzerland, Richard Simon in France, Bartolucci in Italy—they understood Hebrew; they could speak and write it; they were not only acquainted with the Bible but also with the post-biblical literature of the Jews. All these men, however, named above, lived in the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. Since one hundred and fifty years the knowledge of the Hebrew has decreased among Christians. There are undoubtedly a great number of ministers, who with more or less pains can guess at the sense of some biblical verse or chapter, having the dictionary at their elbow. But how many are able to write a Hebrew letter, such a Hebrew that is Hebrew? Or how many can read with some ease and with profit the excellent Hebrew commentary on Isaiah, lately published, written by the learned Italian Jew, S. D. Luzatto? How many can make any practical use of the Talmudical Cyclopaedia published by the late Rabbi S. L. Rappoport of Prague? or of the scientific Hebrew essays of Senior Sachs, Abr. Geiger, O. H. Shorr, and a number of others?

Such Hebraists are few and far between among our ministers. Let us hope that a brighter future will dawn for the Hebrew studies in this our cisatlantic world.

We were induced to make these remarks by the appearance of a very excellent grammar of the Hebrew language. The author, Dr. Felsenthal, a rabbi in Chicago, does not claim to have produced a book which advances the science of grammar, but in his preface he claims to have furnished a good *textbook* for the instruction in Hebrew. And it appears that his claims are well founded. Although the book makes no high pretensions, it shows that the author is perfectly at home in the subject of which he treats. The method is gradual and inductive; the illustrations are rich and well selected. The exercises are numerous, and well adapted to the wants of the learners. On some minor questions, about what should be given in such a book, and what might be omitted, we may differ with the learned doctor, but these differences are, after all, not very relevant. A student, who goes conscientiously through this small volume, and who has acquired the ability to do all the exercises contained



therein, has laid a solid foundation to He brew. We recommend the book unhesitatingly to teachers and learners.

The beauty of types, and the excellency of the work done by the printer, deserve a special favorable notice.

DR. E. M. F.

From The Spectator.

#### THE MORALITY OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE English people is, we believe, the only one in the world which considers thrift discreditable, which attaches opprobrious epithets to careflessness in expenditure, and regards foresight against wastry with something of moral as well as intellectual disdain. It is also the only one which denounces extravagance not as a folly, but a vice, as a habit showing defect of conscience as well as deficiency of judgment. We are inclined, in the absence of any more pressing considerations, to speculate for a moment on the soundness as well as the origin of this feeling, which out of London, and sometimes in London, has a marvellous effect in limiting the freedom of individual action. In New England, as Mrs. Beecher Stowe has told us, it is so powerful that neighbours will sharply remonstrate against what the Scotch call wasting the mercies, will sit in committee and decide whether gilt saltspoons are "consistent." Even in England, though neighbours hardly venture on remonstrance, they regard extravagance as full apology for that form of reprobation which is half backbiting, half moral reprehension, and which the majority of people are so afraid to excite. There are thousands of families in English country towns where the pursebearer literally dare not live as he likes or do as he likes, because "the family," or the neighbours, or the community generally would think the attendant expenditure wanton, and in all future discussion of him and his character would qualify any praise by the assertion that he was "so very extravagant." People hire houses for years rather than build, because other people would characterize that act of economy as extravagance, just as the British Government pays eight per cent. in rent lest the House of Commons should condemn an outlay of the same capital obtainable at three. We have known an instance in which a man in business was half-ruined by the discredit brought on him by an assertion that "he drank wine at breakfast." It was quite true; he had lived long abroad, and preferred claret and water to tea, but so strong became the bruit, that he was com-

pelled to give it up. He was not condemned, he it observed, for taking wine in the morning, — his neighbours were quite well aware that he was temperate enough to take them all in, — and had he drank beer, as many of his townsmen did, not a word would have been said. But, "Claret for breakfast! what shocking extravagance! that man will fail!" was the sentence repeated in a hundred different ways, for months after the unlucky merchant had yielded to social pressure. His whole expenditure on his luxury he said was a shilling a day, which he could perfectly well afford; but he could not stand the doubt the claret threw on his reputation for a business head, and, indeed, on his general character. He might have thrown away five times the sum in a whist club, and nobody would have made a remark; but he was spending money in a way his neighbours did not understand, — was, in short, *extravagans*, going beyond the sacred limit of the usual! — and wandering of that kind in England is held to be immoral. "John," says some old lady of the family, "is all very well, but, my dear, he is so extravagant;" and she says it with just the feeling with which she would say "he is wild," or "he drinks too much," or "he is harsh to his wife," or would accuse him of any other offence not precisely punishable by law. The object of the expenditure in her judgment, which is that of the majority of Englishmen, has nothing to do with the matter, and its extent very little indeed. A man may put 500*l.* in a rotten investment and escape all blame, and then be held up as an awful example to the neighbourhood because he gives 100*l.* for a diamond for his wife, — an investment about as secure and nearly as profitable as Consols. We have known a man who could not eat the mass of half-baked flour which it pleases Englishmen to consider bread condemned for "extravagance" because he "peeled the loaf," at a cost of about a pound a year, while his health was worth a pound an hour; and have heard serious reprobation of another because he had a fancy for taking in two newspapers instead of one. He was extravagant, and that was enough, and he might, as far as his acquaintance were concerned, almost as well have been called a drunkard, or a profligate, or a blasphemer.

The cause of this special dislike of some forms of spending money among a people by no means thrifty is, we imagine, the rooted blunder in English philosophy which tends so strongly to stereotype society, the confusion between selfishness and self-will. There can be no doubt that there are forms

of extravagance in which the habit amounts to vice, and quite deserves all the social reprobation it receives, and more than it is likely to get. The man who spends on himself till he is unable to meet the claims or, it may be, the rights of others, is, of course, a vicious man, vicious not for his expenditure, but for indulging a selfishness so great as to involve a cruelty. For a married man, without property, to postpone a life insurance to a daily glass of port, or even a daily journal, is an offence against the highest law of morals, and so is any extravagance involving debts which will never be paid. That is in reality a form of theft, though palliated usually as to motive, but not as to result, by a certain want of consciousness of the injury inflicted. So, we suppose, is extravagance of the kind most usually commented on in newspapers, an expenditure on some habit, or taste, or pursuit so wild that the spendthrift ultimately falls out of his position, — is, in popular parlance, a ruined man. It is excessively difficult to define in words the immorality of this particular form of extravagance, — that is, its immorality without reference to the object of the expenditure, — though we all feel that it is immoral. To waste a fortune on the Turf is clearly wrong, because the object is almost always a selfish pursuit of excitement; and the same condemnation must be passed on the most ruinous extravagance of all, social ostentation. That is a loss of power for the indulgence of a low vanity, and is as morally wrong as it would be for a man to cut off his hand in order to excite the impression that he was a wounded hero. But suppose the object to be beneficial or indifferent. A childless man might give, though it never has been done, the bulk of his means to reduce the National Debt, — would that be wrong? The late Duke of Buckingham borrowed vast sums at 5 per cent., in order to buy land which only returned 3 per cent., in order to increase his political influence, and so reduced his family for a time to the comparative poverty out of which they are now again emerging. Supposing the increase of political influence a worthy or indifferent object, which it might or might not be, — was that wrong? Men have an instinct that it was, and we suppose the true argument is, that no man can have a right to throw away his own capacity of usefulness, of which power and station and command of money are, no doubt, important constituents. It is very difficult, however, to show that the gift to the National Debt would be worse than any other gift to the people, or that the Duke of Buckingham's extravagance was worse

than that of Mr. Pitt, who ruined himself in order to be able to govern England undisturbed by household cares. One is almost driven amidst such instances to accept result rather than motive as the basis of judgment, — a very unsound mode of induction in ethics.

There is a form of extravagance which is vicious, but as a rule the acts to which that word is usually applied in England are either indifferent or actually praiseworthy, are the results of mere idiosyncrasy, of that individuality of judgment which it ought to be the object of Englishmen to encourage; or, at worst, of a willfulness not worthy blame. The most common form of all extravagances, indifference to petty outlays, is very often as right as if it were the result of wise and deliberate judgment. Up to a certain point, care about such expenditure cramps and worries the mind — causes in actual loss of money more waste than it saves. Sixpences smooth life, and to the nervous organizations bred in our cities life needs smoothing. Nobody is ever ruined in candle-ends, and the effort to keep them only ensures a discontented, and therefore a spasmodically expensive household. No form of wastefulness strikes some men — and some liberal men — so much as wastefulness of silver in cab-hire, in petty gifts, in minute purchases, and no income seems to exempt those who practise it from the charge of extravagance. Nevertheless, it is often quite certain that a waste of half-a-crown a day — 40*s.* a year — will increase a man's power of making the best of himself, of earning, if it is to be put in that way, more than twice the sum expended in things yielding a visible return. It is right to save temper, even at the expense of cash. There are degrees in all things; but we suspect that the professional class, in their habitual extravagance in sixpences, are wiser than the trading class, who so often condemn them for that disregard. One of the commonest forms of extravagance, building, is often a direct moral and intellectual benefit to the amateur, gratifying a healthy passion of constructiveness, which, ungratified, would exhibit itself in the search for much more dangerous excitements. Book-buying, picture-buying, gem or toy-buying are defensible on the same grounds, as at worst blameless amusements, and it will rarely be found, we think, that men with any special extravagance of that sort come to much pecuniary grief. On the contrary, they as often acquire the habit of thrift and regularity in pecuniary matters in order to gratify the exceptional taste. "Collectors," for example, even if it be of old china, are very

rarely ruined. Other men, again—and this is a very frequent case—get a reputation for extravagance by a habit decidedly wise, that of concentrating wastefulness, of making presents, or buying toys, for example, very seldom, but when they give or buy securing things really worth the money. The woman who saves in “chiffons” what will buy lace or diamonds is the very reverse of extravagant, though she is certain to be so considered by people to whom daily extravagance in smaller things would seem quite unobjectionable.

But, it may be urged, you are proving only that extravagance may be prudent, not that it can be moral. No, we are not; for our point is that, apart from selfishness or loss of usefulness through waste, expenditure is a matter to be governed by individual will, with little or no moral meaning whatever. A man is not bound to spend his money in the way approved by the community, but in the way approved by himself. If he has 300*l.* a year to spend on a carriage, and chooses to spend it on diamond buttons instead, he may be a fool for his pains, though as an investor he would be simply shrewd, but he is not in any way morally wrong. He only prefers his own way to other people's, and he not only has a right to prefer it, but is bound to prefer it, if he wants to preserve any individuality of character at all—a doctrine we are proclaiming from the housetop about once a month, without, we fear, the smallest result. It is easy to fight, and not difficult to defeat, Mrs. Worldly Grundy; but to defeat Mrs. Spiritual Grundy is nearly impossible, and even to fight her fairly is considered in England to involve something of the sin of presumption. It is a work which wants doing, nevertheless, and as the right of Christian liberty is the last the old pulpit will ever preach up, the new one will do well to take it under its care.

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From The Saturday Review.

STONE EDGE.\*

THIS is a book for which, even if the execution were less commendable than is actually the case, the critic would feel strongly inclined to speak a good word. Whatever may be its faults, it has not the most provoking fault of affectation; if it had failed, we might have called it insipid, but we could not accuse it of pandering to any morbid tastes. It is a fresh, healthy picture of country life, evidently drawn from

nature, and relying for success simply upon its truthfulness and its direct expression of quiet sentiment. There is a terrible waste of power amongst novelists caused by their want of faith in their capacity to interest us. When ladies sit down to write a story, as nearly all ladies do at some period of their lives, they have a natural mistrust of their knowledge and abilities. They feel that they have seen very little which has not been seen by hundreds of other people, and they have no reason to suppose that they can invest a commonplace narrative with any special interest. Nothing, in nine cases out of ten, can be better founded than this distrust; and if they would only draw from it the logical and obvious inference, we should have nothing to complain of. Having nothing to say, they would say nothing; the world would be relieved from a great mass of useless literature, and nobody but the waste-paper buyers would have any reason for lamentation. Unluckily, the ordinary conclusion is very different. They endeavour to patch up a feeble bit of work out of the boundless stores of fictitious literature; they take half a dozen conventional characters from the common stock, and set them to work in the mazes of some artificial plot. They make one more *réchauffé* of the dry old fragments that have been served up a hundred times before, and perhaps endeavour to enliven the dismal result by a terrible murder or the discovery of the rightful heir. Of course they produce nothing but a crude imitation at second-hand of a story which has long ago been exhausted of every element of vitality. Nobody, it is said, can be so impudent as a very shy man; in the effort to overcome his natural repugnance he loses his head, and is thrown completely off his balance. On the same principle, many of the most preposterous combinations of unnatural characters and startling catastrophes are due to their authors' secret conviction that they have no claim to be heard at all. They plunge into extravagance from sheer distrust of their own powers.

Now, if it is hopeless to persuade such writers into silence, we may possibly induce some of them to be modest. It is better, even for one's own vanity, to be dull than to be ridiculous, and to fail in attracting us by honest bread and butter than to poison us by a mess seasoned with adulterated condiments. The very first principle of novel-writing is that the book should be founded on personal experience, or, at least, on intimate familiarity with the subject-matter. There is scarcely a writer, even of a high order, who has succeeded in the

historical novel, — that is to say, in writing about a state of things removed by centuries from himself. The only chance is that his mind should be thoroughly saturated with the ideas he is endeavouring to reproduce; and probably, if our ancestors could come to life to read even our best descriptions of their ways and thoughts, they would find them more ridiculous than we find the roughest descriptions of ourselves by a foreigner. A Frenchman who has passed a month in Leicester Square probably knows as much about the aspect of England as almost any Englishman knows of the appearance of feudal barons or Roman gladiators; and we remember what marvellous caricatures are the result of such French investigations. Yet ladies often have a special fondness for describing to us men about town, or Jesuit priests, or knavish attorneys, with whose ways they are considerably less familiar than Scott was with the habits of Wamba or Front-de-Bœuf or Louis XI. And, unluckily, we have the originals by us to compare with the strange pictures of their fancy. If they would only be content to describe what they have seen, they would add at least something to our knowledge. A genuine sketch from nature by a poor artist may tell us something; but if he insists on high art — on a composition in rivalry with Claude and Turner — his work must of necessity be worthless. If a lady ventures to describe accurately so simple a thing as life in a girl's school or under a governess, she can hardly fail to give some new ideas to the male part of mankind. Unluckily, she is far more likely to describe murderers of whose thoughts and habits she knows less than the first policeman she meets.

The most remarkable case of success achieved by a simple reproduction of her own experience was perhaps that of Miss Brontë. She just opened her eyes — eyes, it is true, of very unusual keenness — and put down what she saw. From a field of vision remarkably confined she managed to extract the means of producing a singularly profound impression. And though few people could feel the influence of commonplace objects with such intensity, it is a valuable example of what may be done with scanty materials. Although the difference between *Jane Eyre* and *Stone Edge* is as wide as can be easily imagined, there is a certain similarity in this respect. *Stone Edge*, like Miss Brontë's novels, is a picture of life in a secluded country district, and the scenery in both cases is of a similar character. Wide desolate moors, and hills which the author boldly describes as mountains, often

impassable in savage snowstorms, are the background to an old-fashioned stone farmhouse, perversely placed so as to avoid the view of a lovely valley, and to look out upon the bleak hillsides. The inhabitants are in harmony with the scenery. They do not indeed show such tough and indomitable eccentricity as Miss Brontë's Yorkshiremen. They are many degrees nearer to the ordinary English clodhopper. But they have a sturdy character of their own; and we may fancy Mr. Tennyson's Northern Farmer would have found himself at ease amongst them. Old customs are supposed to linger in the hills, still unprofaned by railways or factories. At the chief village they retain the ceremony of "blessing the wells," and adorning them for the occasion with wreaths of flowers. This poetical celebration is concluded by a football match, in which it is expected that one or two limbs should be broken, and it is considered highly creditable if one or more of the combatants are drowned in the river. The greatest dissipation which the minds of the villagers can imagine is the sight of a wild-beast show in a neighbouring town. They look upon reading and writing as rather questionable accomplishments, and hold that some special justification is required for so unusual a luxury. They entertain a firm belief in witchcraft, charms, and "boggles." An incipient scepticism in this last particular is implied in the assertion of a respectable farmer that "there ain't no such things in nature, not a bit." He proceeds, however, to assert that the particular ghost in question was "never knowed to come beyond the dale" — a statement which rather invalidates his general proposition. A population of this kind has some good points about it for the novelist's purpose. One of the great amusements in a quiet country place is well known to consist in quarrelling. Farmer Ashford lives by himself on the top of a dreary hill, and solaces his dulness partly by grumbling at his landlord, partly by bullying his wife and family, and partly by expatiating at intervals upon the bitter grudges which he owes to his various male remote connections. His only relaxation is getting drunk at the market, and quarrelling promiscuously with the rest of the world who may happen to come in contact with him. Any civilized being condemned to pass his life in the society of such people as Farmer Ashford would not improbably end by cutting his throat, to be rid of it. But, as encountered in the pages of a novel, there is a certain crabbed originality about this gentleman and his like which is decidedly pleasant. If people liv-



ing under such circumstances are more stolid and immovable than the larger world, they have time to nurse their oddities into amazing proportions: They have stubborn virtues of their own, and at least they have a grotesque quaintness about them which saves them from being purely insipid. Whether it is a good thing that all these provincial oddities should be improved off the face of the earth, and that Englishmen after the Northern Farmer type should become as rare as dancers round the Maypole, may admit of argument. But, at any rate, they are now in the position which fits them for fiction; they are so far extinct that we can afford to look more upon their picturesque side than upon their frequent coarse brutalities; we can admire them as we admire the still unbroken bits of gorse and heather that survive amidst a triumphant cultivation, much as we should have disliked the same wild land when cultivation was still feebly struggling against it. It is pleasant to catch the likeness of a dying form of society before it is too far gone to recover a faithful portrait, and when it is yet sufficiently rare to have the charm of rarity and of historical association.

There are other characters than Farmer Ashford, showing the amiable side of the same rough type, and described with a great deal of quiet humour. They go through the scenes of a very unpretending story, and we follow their fortunes with sufficient interest. It must, however, be added that the story is the most unsatisfactory part of the book. It begins very well, and up to the horrible murder (for we must confess that there is a horrible murder even in *Stone Edge*, though murder seems to fit in very well with the rough horseplay of the district) we have no complaints to make. The lovers have been separated by a due complication of difficulties, and we anticipate some pleasure in seeing how they are again brought together. Unluckily, the author seems to have slurred over this part of her task, and the story winds up after a pointless fashion, giving us the impression that it has been cut short arbitrarily, rather than artistically developed to the right conclusion. It is true that this has the incidental advantage of confining the story within the modest limits of a single short volume, and for such an advantage we should on no account be ungrateful. But a little more care would have materially improved the effect of the whole, and removed an awkward blemish from what is otherwise a very meritorious work.

## LORD BYRON.\*

(SECOND NOTICE. — See Living Age, No. 1258.)

THE chapter in the work before us that will doubtless attract the most general attention is that in which Byron's marriage is recorded and commented upon. This, besides the ordinary danger of interfering between man and wife, is obviously a very delicate topic for the noble authoress—as delicate as it would have been for Paris to enter upon the grounds of Helen's separation from Menelaus. We have, however, no other fault to find with this chapter than that it imparts little that was not known already. Probably there is nothing more to be told.

Lord Byron [says his best biographer], when at Cephalonia a short time before his death, seems to have expressed, in a few words, the whole pith of the mystery. An English gentleman with whom he was conversing on the subject of Lady Byron having ventured to enumerate to him the various causes he had heard alleged for the separation, the noble poet, who had seemed much amused with their absurdity and falsehood, said, after listening to them all, "The causes, my dear sir, were too simple to be easily found out."

Without exception the poet's intimate friends perceived the incompatibility of the affianced pair, and if they did not forebode the worst, they at least anticipated a very moderate measure of happiness from the union. He, not to dwell on graver irregularities, was one who lived without such rule or measure as society thinks it has a right to exact. She, on the contrary, had been nurtured in a regular English family, such as Miss Edgeworth delights to describe, wherein morning and evening certify to one another, and the verse of the satirist,

*Ipsæ dies pulcro distinguitur ordine rerum,*

might serve as a rule for the servants' hall, or a motto for the family pedigree. The housekeeping at Seaham, Sir Ralph Milbanke's seat, was as unlike the housekeeping at Newstead Abbey as the *carte* of a Lord Mayor's dinner is to the beeves, sheep, and swine of Homer's heroes. Newstead was liberty hall, whereas at Seaham the hall-clock was the arbiter of the household's destiny. The morning had its avocations, commencing with family prayers and ending with luncheon; the afternoon was mapped out into drives, visits, dinner, tea, long-whist, and chess; and yet, while a bride-

\* Lord Byron, jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie. 2 tomes. Paris: Amyot. 1868.



groom and a guest of Sir Ralph's, Byron had the audacity to write in the following strain to Thomas Moore:—

Since I wrote last, I have been transferred to my father-in-law's with my lady and my lady's maid, &c. &c. My papa, Sir Ralpho, hath recently made a speech at a Durham tax-meeting; and not only at Durham, but here, several times, since after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep. [And in a postscript he profanely adds] I must go to tea—damn tea."

Byron at this moment was, by his own confession, pining for the blue skies of the Egean, and yearning to complete his acquaintance with the sunny South. The dulness or eloquence of Sir Ralph indeed afforded no grounds for quarrelling with Sir Ralph's daughter, whom her husband at this time describes as of "unvaried good humour and behaviour." He admits also that he has "been very comfortable here" at Seaham, "listening to that monologue which elderly gentlemen call conversation, and in which my pious father-in-law repeats himself every evening,—save one, when he played the fiddle." But there were elements, or rather habits, in Lady Byron's character less congenial to her lord than even the music or conversation of Sir Ralph. She was fully indoctrinated with the duty of letting all things be done decently and in order. She could not understand why an English husband should often go to bed when the lark rose; why, in place of devoting so many hours to his regular meals, he preferred breakfasting at noon after the fashion of Jews at the Passover, standing, and with his loins girded; why he was for ever hankering after Mount Olympus, when their town-house was not a mile from Primrose Hill. Again, Miss Milbanke had been educated even beyond the standard of Mrs. Hannah More, as laid down in her once celebrated *Letters to a Princess*. Besides all that her governesses and masters taught, she was a deeply-read mathematician. But, unluckily, the gods had not made her poetical, and before the honey—or, as her ladyship's husband termed it, the treacle—moon was over, she casually asked him "when he meant to give up his idle and unprofitable habit of making verses?" Again, Lady Byron, accustomed to all the comforts and usages of an English home, naturally looked for them at her married house in London. Doubtless her husband, a scarcely-weaned bachelor, was an indifferent purveyor of the necessary elements of comfort; and besides he kept strange com-

pany, for we find him on one occasion dining with Jackson the boxer and Kean the actor. Then he was an active member of the Drury Lane Theatre Committee, and his duties brought him into inevitable contact with the Green-room and its inmates. My lady was jealous, and indeed her lord's conversation before marriage was not of a kind to beget security or supineness in a lady so disposed. At Seaham there was no dread, and indeed no experience, of tip-staves; but there was no such immunity in London. Byron was deeply in debt, most of which he had inherited with his estates; he had married an heiress in *posse* though not in *esse*; his expenses were necessarily augmented by concubial housekeeping, and an execution was put into his house. We need not repeat a sad story, the full particulars of which are given, and with becoming delicacy, in these volumes. For some never explained reason, Lady Byron left her husband; the cause being unknown, rumour had full scope, and did not fail to give all credit to one side and all blame to the other. Thereupon followed the really painful period of Byron's history. No allusion is made to it in the volumes before us, but the witnesses of his life in 1818, and until 1820, accord in reprobation of it; and Shelley bears unwilling testimony to his excesses at Venice. Byron avenged the wrongs which he conceived the world had done him by the most reckless disregard of its opinion of him.

The war waged by society against Byron was for a time internecine. He, indeed, had first provoked hostilities by disdaining concealment of his irregularities, and society made its reprisals without inquiry and without measure. The number of his enemies was legion, for he had not only sinned against virtue, but he had shocked the nerves of respectability. The *Edinburgh Review*, among other objections to his *Hours of Idleness*, had twitted him with being a lord! Society, on its part, cried, "Is it to be endured that, because a man happens to be a lord, he should walk in other ways than those trodden by his class?" Much, doubtless, might be conceded to rank, and some allowance made for genius. Not every excess rouses the noble wrath whether of the lion or the unicorn. Sheridan's addiction to the bottle, Charles Fox's to the gaming-table, the Duke of Norfolk's to turtle and venison, and that of a greater than any of these to Burgundy and bulldogs, were to be deplored, but were not denounced. It is difficult to perceive to what degree Byron's offences against public morals were more flagrant than theirs. Yet

on him the tower in the social Siloam fell, and the idol of a few London seasons, like a new Sejanus, was dragged from his pedestal and driven forth from the society which he was said to have dishonoured. Our authoress cannot be expected to understand how very thin a partition divides, in this country, social patience from social intolerance, and she therefore is more surprised and indignant than is perhaps quite necessary at Byron's ostracism by respectable Britons. She is yet more astonished at the obloquy which followed him across the sea, up the Rhine, and over the Alps. His case was, indeed, a hard one. "True Jedwood justice," writes Lord Macaulay, "was dealt out to him. First came the execution, then the investigation, and last of all, or rather not at all, the accusation." The Scotch peasants in 1649 fled from their hamlets before the face of Cromwell's ironides because they had been told that the troopers impaled men alive, tossed children on their pikes, and cut off women's breasts, and they could hardly be brought to believe that these lions in battle were well-conducted lambs in quarters or on march. As atrocious calumnies were uttered against Byron. It was popularly believed that the poet, his own Lara, Alp, and Conrad, had somewhere, and at some time not specified, after expressing his curiosity to know how an assassin might feel, gratified his curiosity by a practical experiment. In this respect, indeed, the poet shared the fate of Napoleon. The Emperor, it was alleged, and it was long an article of faith in rural halls and rectories, had blown up a house in Toulon—by a slight violation of chronology that house indeed was said to have been his mother-in-law's, *vile damnum* accordingly—besides having poisoned a girl with arsenic at the military school, and renewed the abominations of Capreae in the palace of St. Cloud. The newspapers increased their circulation by recording Childe Harold's iniquities; preachers their congregations and their pews by enjoining hearers to discard his writings, and inscribe anathema against his name. *Furor arma ministrabat*—the public was in one of its simooms of indignant virtue.

But the season of inordinate fury was brief. The wheel had revolved; respectability was vindicated; scandal was satiated with the garbage it loves, or turned towards less noble victims. The pulpits ceased to illustrate a text or to point a moral at his expense; shilling and penny-a-liners sheathed their stings; dowagers, matrons, and maidens once more thought themselves secure; repentance followed upon the heels of wrath;

the banished Harold would be welcome home again; and the most zealous agitators began to ask themselves, not why they had done well to be angry, but why they had been angry at all. A second summer arose for his verse; not so bright, but more steady than the first. His poetry, indeed, became rather more than less objectionable than it had been before the storm; but what of that? Was Shakspeare altogether clean, at least un-Bowdlerised? Were our old dramatists, then returning to favour, manuals for the young? Did not our young men, "under the especial patronage" of reverend tutors and masters, study Virgil, Horace, and Aristophanes? The hurricane had swept the sky; then came a calm, and after the calm a season of fair weather; and Byron was again installed as monarch of English poetry,—then, and until his death on the 18th of April, 1824.

We have freely stated our opinion of the defects in the Marchioness de Boissy's volumes, and now turn to the more pleasant office of commending a portion of them. Her pages are never so agreeable as when Byron himself is called into court to give evidence on points connected with his own life. He may not be an unbiassed witness, but he is a communicative and instructive one. Struck in early days with the interesting and graphic character of Gibbon's journal, he began to keep a diary of his studies, thoughts, and all that he did or heard. In addition to this record he was, fortunately for us, if not always for himself, a good correspondent. As a writer of letters we put him in the very first rank. The hand of the workman is too conspicuous in Walpole's Letters. The recluse of Olney and Weston Underwood had little to tell. Byron, though probably, like Walpole, aware that a letter by him addressed to one would be read by many, is the easier of the two in his language, and, from his position in the world at home, and his yet more intimate acquaintance with foreign life and manners, was master of epistolary wealth in a degree far beyond the secluded Cowper. The authoress has wisely allowed Byron to speak for himself in his letters, and the extracts from his correspondence are no less judiciously supported by biographical or characteristic passages from his poems. The conversion of his poetry into French prose is not, indeed, to the advantage of the former. No great mischief, however, is done by this process to the English reader, while the junction of his letters and journals with his verse is auxiliary to a just apprehension of the writer of both. The juxtaposition of so many witnesses has this

value. It enables us to collect into one focus the opinions of many, and thus to obtain a tolerably clear view of a not very consistent character.

The view we take of Byron is this, — that, like Dryden, most truly and happily termed by Pope "unhappy Dryden," he was capable of better things than he ever accomplished; that he was more sinned against than sinning; that he was alike unfortunate in his early fame, in his temporary disgrace, and in the later circumstances of both his personal and literary career. Unquestioned as were the vigour and harmony of *Childe Harold*, it betrayed many of the faults of youthful composition, and the indiscriminating applause it called forth reacted upon its author's character. It rendered one who stood much in need of care, careless; it encouraged him to brave the collective good sense and right feeling of a whole people on points which cannot be treated with levity without common injury on both sides. Upon the great themes of religion, social morality, conduct in life, and politics, Byron, at the early age of twenty-four years, the date of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, had thought more seriously than two-thirds at the very least of his youthful contemporaries, while his experience had been far greater and more manifold than that of most of the young men who, having passed through school and college, had topped the march or the little they had learned in them by the usual *grand tour* of Europe. But he had not deeply probed any one of these momentous questions, and he often rushed impulsively into subjects that men of double his age would have feared to enter upon. His verses were applauded by two classes of readers, — by those possessed of poetic sensibility, if not of the "accomplishment of verse," and by the young, *verum novarum avidi*, whose instincts impel them to overlook what is good in old things, and to imagine an El-Dorado in new. The Marchioness's chapters abound with anecdotes of the extraordinary effect produced by Byron's poetry upon the young and susceptible of both sexes. The scenes he described, the romance with which he clothed his characters, the fervency of his nature-worship, the occasional freedom of his opinions, were lures and charms of irresistible might for minds unsatisfied with the meagre education of that day, and wearied with the conventional bondage of a society built upon mere decencies, and shrinking from strong enthusiasm or severe inquiry. It is scarcely possible to apprehend the shock to the nerves of society imparted by the young poet unless we take into account the pru-

dential maxims that passed for wisdom during the first twenty years of the present century. The selfish timidity of this period was in some measure a consequence of the terror inspired in the preceding generation by the French Revolution. In France the foundations of religion and morals, previously sapped by vice and corruption, had been shaken by a social earthquake, and in England it was thought necessary to prevent such a catastrophe, not by solid repairs to the groundwork, but by giving it a good coat of paint.

Could a foreign authoress have been acquainted with the society or the literature that existed in Byron's early manhood, she might have been less surprised than she seems to be at the contradiction between his first popularity and his sudden fall in public esteem. What if he was known to have done many generous acts? They were not performed in the way approved by society. His name did not appear in subscription lists, though his purse was always open to the needy; he wrote *Hebrew Melodies*, which a living critic has pronounced to be "fraught with the spirit of Isaiah," but he did not subscribe to the "Propagation of the Gospel Society;" he abhorred slavery, but he did not swell the train of Mr. Wilberforce. He poured forth profusely descriptions of the glories of foreign lands, but he indulged in none of the sentiments which make Englishmen "justly proud of their country." In his opinions he was a kind of "Hermit in London" — not one of the smooth and similar people whose verses edify and whose after-dinner speeches delight an approving public. He puzzled people quite as much as he delighted them; and, unluckily for himself, he delighted in puzzling them. But the hero of a season rides and will ever ride with a slave in his triumphal chariot. The golden statue has always a foot of clay. Demus gets tired of its handsome and accomplished Alcibiades, and next to the pleasure of seating him on the throne is the pleasure of dragging him off it. Neither consent of credible witnesses nor zeal in his champion is able to display Byron in a uniform light. Those who were admitted to his intimacy concur in their accounts of his mutability. He was at once silent and self-centred, free of speech and affable in demeanour; at times sad and speculative as Hamlet, at times mocking and grotesque as Scarron. Highly generous and benevolent, he deemed no sacrifice for others too great; yet he delighted in teasing his friends, as children delight in teasing their pets; and his correspondence shows him parodying writers whom he highly esteemed, or pen-

From The Saturday Review.

## NICKNAMES.

ning lampoons on those whom he had praised in verse, or to whom he had dedicated poems. His literary tastes were not more consistent than his personal likings. He was among the foremost innovators in English poetry, and yet a worshipper at the shrine of Pope. There is reason for thinking him indifferent to Shakspeare, and though the poem which made him famous between bedtime and breakfast was written in the Spenserian measure, he could not endure the *Fairy Queen*. Like Horace Walpole, he reviled kings, yet there are few symptoms of admiration in his writings for "King Mob;" he often satirized his own order, and yet he was proud of his Norman blood. He was consistent indeed in his love for Shelley and Moore, and the strokes he most severely felt were those caused by the early deaths of his school and college friends. Shelley, by his scholarship, his imaginative power, and his metaphysical speculations, inspired him with a kind of awe, which did not, however, interfere with genuine affection. Moore's society and correspondence afforded him unminged and unfailing delight. Neither was there any variableness in his demeanour to dependents. He knew their worth as well as he knew that of the parasites who sunned themselves in his favour. To Fletcher and Tita he was a kind and equable master; he played with, according to their deserts, the Medwins and Poloridis of his retinue.

Our opinion of Byron is confirmed by the volumes which we now close, but it has not been formed upon them. For the statement of that opinion we will employ the testimony of one who knew him well, who deplored, while he judged charitably, his many failings, and who recognised in him, what less accurate observers missed, the presence and the activity of many virtues. In the following lines of Samuel Rogers we find the proper epitaph of George Gordon, Lord Byron:—

He is now at rest:

And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,  
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone;  
Gone like a star that through the firmament  
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course  
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,  
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn  
Of all things low or little; nothing there  
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs  
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do  
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,  
None more than I, thy gratitude would build  
On slight foundations; and, if in thy life  
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,  
Thy wish accomplished; dying in the land  
Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire;  
Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!

PHILOSOPHERS might well condescend to pay a little more attention than they usually spare to some of the apparently trivial means by which the world is influenced. They are ready to be eloquent upon the dawning of a new idea in the world, when it comes wrapped in all the pomp of elaborate histories and disquisitions; but it would be at least equally important, though doubtless far more difficult, to mark the time at which it wins the acceptance of great masses of mankind. The threadbare comparison between the influence of laws and that of songs upon a people is the ordinary instance of the truth. When, for example, the French mob began to sing the Marseillaise, they had entered into the spirit of the Revolution. And what a song is to a political essay, a nickname is to a song. The idea to which it corresponds has become so familiar that it can be packed into a single word, without requiring even a verse of explanation. The party which can obtain currency for its coinage of phrases must have obtained a considerable ascendancy. There were Whigs and Tories in England before the names were invented, but the invention brought them at once into distinct opposition. The discovery of the nickname acted like the electric current which decomposes a chemical mixture,—the rival elements were there, but they had not crystallized into distinct and separate shapes. Such nicknames arise, as a rule, so spontaneously that no particular person can claim the glory of the invention; some old word, perhaps, has lain in long concealment till it is suddenly torn from its obscurity to become familiar in every mouth. "Skedaddle," for example, must have been smouldering, as it were, in some corner of America until the crisis arose which imperatively required its use. It expressed with such delicacy the peculiar shade of cynical indifference in which the Yankee soldier ran away for the time when he knew that he was beaten, subject to the full intention of fighting another day, that it must have been discovered, if not invented, by a man of genius. Some mute inglorious Milton must have existed to put into three hitherto neglected syllables that precise meaning which we should vainly endeavour to analyse in many sentences. How it is that words, previously unknown, are capable of summoning to every one's mind such complex combinations of ideas is a profound mystery; but it is the peculiar prerogative of the poet to perceive by immediate intuition the particular set of sounds



which will produce the desired effect upon the mind. To account for the influence exercised by a single verse or a single epithet is as impossible as to explain why certain combinations of colours or of musical sounds produce an exquisite pleasure. To take another trivial instance, every one knows that certain of his friends are doomed to be known by a nickname; at the period of life when the faculty of word-making is still in full activity all the acquaintances of such persons are long in labour to hit off the required appellation; suddenly it comes by a flash of inspiration, and it is felt that it would be impossible ever to think of the victim without his appropriate headmark. Why it should be that one man, whatever his godfathers and godmothers may have intended, should be always and inevitably called "Jack," is, as before, an unfathomable mystery. If we could fully solve it, we might understand the great problem of the origin of language; meanwhile we can only conjecture dimly that either something about the sound itself, or about its use in other instances, has invested it with a set of dim associations which cause it to be a descriptive term as well as a mere sound.

It is easy to understand the immense importance so often attributed to nicknames. Without language the reasoning faculty must be in a rudimentary state; and without the power of inventing new names with a capacity for sticking, all the outlines of party creeds would remain vague and fluctuating. You cannot properly hate a man of different opinions from your own till you have labelled him with some unpleasant epithet. In theological debates, a heretic may be defined as a man with a nickname. Till we have succeeded in fixing a name upon him, he is confounded amongst the general mass of the orthodox; his peculiarities are presumably not sufficient to constitute him into a separate species. In American politics, it is said that the success of the Republican party was determined in great measure by its name. There was nothing attractive to the ordinary mind about such names as a Whig or a Know-nothing; but every American would of course be pleased to call himself a Republican, though nobody could imagine that the points at issue were really described by the ordinary senses of Democracy and Republicanism. But the high art of giving nicknames comes out in describing more delicate shades of difference. Everybody is conscious of a number of vague social antipathies; he meets a number of persons who, somehow or other, jar upon his sensibilities; they tread upon his tenderest

corns, and move him to an inarticulate sense of indignation. Unluckily, he cannot say what are the particular offensive qualities; he is like a man suffering from some undetermined disorder who will be much obliged to the doctor who will give it a name, even though the name tells him next to nothing as to its nature. When the genius arises who describes our hitherto unknown enemies by a common name, we have at least the great pleasure of possessing a new abusive epithet. An immense progress, for example, was made in social morality when Mr. Thackeray gave to the word "snob" a new and hitherto unused significance. We had all been familiar with snobs in our daily life, and not a few of us, it may be presumed, had been in our own persons very fair examples of the race. But any one who wished to denounce snobbish actions had been obliged to resort to vague and unsatisfactory circumlocutions. He could not say in a single syllable, You are a person with a disposition to cringe meanly before persons who are your social superiors; you are given to ape with inferior means the manners and customs of another class, and simply to make yourself ridiculous for your pains; you have the soul of a flunkey, and of a flunkey who does not know his proper place; you are like Major Ponto, and your proper idol should be George IV. To say all this would be as little satisfactory as to affix to a man a zoological description of the animal, instead of directly calling him an ass. The last new name which has become popular is due to Mr. Matthew Arnold, and it shows some of the weak points which belong to the system. Within a year or two everybody has awakened to the fact that there flourishes amongst us a hitherto undescribed monster called a Philistine. It has been a very convenient term, at the moment when Englishmen were rousing themselves to acknowledge the startling fact that they were not in all respects the wisest and best of mankind. The name summed up very fairly the stupidity and narrow provincialism which is so prevalent amongst our glorious middle-classes, and it was just as well that they should discover that in certain respects they are so offensive to intelligent persons that they require a special epithet to give vent to the accumulated feelings of disgust which they had provoked. The use of a nickname resembles in this respect the use of an oath. It is, as it were, an embodied snort; it is an expressive gesture of contempt, sufficiently pointed to pierce in some degree the thick hide of a stupid antagonist. Even the most pig-headed vestryman feels that something un-



pleasant has been said about him when he has been called a Philistine, though he may have the vaguest possible conception of its precise meaning. For some time indeed the majority of mankind had only the general impression that a Philistine was something different from Mr. Matthew Arnold, and therefore something very contemptible. But what were the precise merits which entitled him to be a child of light, and the absence of which consigned the rest of the world to the supreme contempt conveyed in the word Philistine, remained a mystery. And now that the name has met with considerable acceptance, it is suffering in another way. It is used so vaguely by people who are themselves Philistines of the deepest dye that it is in danger of losing its meaning. The sharpness of the weapon is disappearing under frequent use, and in the hands of certain writers it is becoming merely a new term of abuse to throw at the heads of any one they dislike. By a gradual process of decay it will, it seems, become equivalent to little more than Tory.

Meanwhile, we confess to feeling another want more pressingly. Mr. Matthew Arnold has described the antithesis to a Philistine as being a child of light. But, with all respect to him, we fear that the name is rather too complimentary for the mass of his own disciples. Certainly the persons in whose mouths the name of Philistine is most frequent are not entirely exempt from human weakness. When we come to examine the light by which they walk, we fancy that it is sometimes of the nature of a farthing candle of their own. At the opposite pole to Philistinism are the young gentlemen who, until they have bloomed sufficiently to deserve a specific name from some acute observer, must be ranked under the general title of prigs. As a rule, they are fresh from the Universities, and, indeed, are closely allied in some respects to the least agreeable variety of dons. It is a rather unfortunate peculiarity of Oxford and Cambridge just now that the teaching bodies are to a great extent composed of very young men. Of course, a gentleman who has taken his degree within a few years considers himself to be at the very focus of the intellectual light of the country. He naturally and pardonably looks upon all persons a few years above him in University standing to be old fogies, and persons who are not at the University at all are unworthy to do more than sit at his feet. Consequently, he comes out into the world prepared to set up as a ready-made prophet, and to apply an immediate and final solution to all the problems of the day. The

particular line which he will take is of course dependent on accident. He may be an extreme Ritualist, or he may be ready to set up the worship of Humanity at a moment's notice. Youthful conceit is not a very heavy crime, and we may safely trust that it will wear off in a few years' practice; but just now it is rather more offensive than usual, and partly because the epithet of Philistine has given into the hands of ingenuous youth so ready a means of insulting the rest of the world. If the abounding self-confidence of the rising generation should lead them to develop into a more definite school, it will be desirable that the rest of the world should be furnished with some means of retort by the next inventor of nicknames.

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From The London Review.

#### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN WELSH CHURCHES.

THOSE conversant with the affairs of missions must be struck with the efforts made to supply heathen nations with native teachers. We are a charmingly consistent people. On the other side of the Severn there is a land of hills and valleys, woods and rivers, with a population of something over a million speaking a language not our own. We have been anxious at all times to supply them with religious instruction. There are a good many fat livings in that country, and people pay tithes there as regularly as we do ourselves. So we have been very anxious at all times to supply the Welsh with religious instructions. The Welsh people as a rule speak Welsh, of course. Since the days of Walpole we have therefore sent them well-born and well-educated, though somewhat hungry, Englishmen to fill their benefices and sees and give them religious instruction. The pastors spoke one tongue, the flocks another. The preachers preached and pocketed the tithes — of course they did; the flocks listened and paid the tithes, and if they didn't feel the better for the exercise, why, it was their own fault. The pastors often preached in Welsh, as well as they were able. They did their best, perhaps, and, according to the old adage, angels could do no more. Mistakes no doubt were made — we all know the errors committed by persons while they learn French, and generally long after. The good Bishop Burgess, for instance, was accustomed to bless the people after this fashion — “the peace of God which passeth all vengeance” (*dial for deall*). A clergyman at “Capel Coleman,” while speaking

of man's depravity, declared that "every man is exceedingly tall by nature." The little men in the congregation looked in astonishment at each other, and seemed to question—poor souls!—the truth of the statement. At last, however, one parishioner, clearer-sighted than the rest, discovered that the preacher meant to assert that "every man is exceedingly blind by nature." The same preacher, on another occasion, made—"Hail, King of the Jews," to mean—"An old cow of straw king of Ireland." Another once gave a curious turn to the clause, "but the righteous to life eternal," "but to some chickens the food of the geese." A late dean in North Wales read "Be Thou exalted, O God of heaven, above the earth and firmament," as "Arise, O God, above the head of two hens, and the crow's egg also." Another clergyman reading "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint," was understood to say—"the back parts are sick, and the middle of the back faint."

After all, there is a serious side to the matter. Some of the errors of Anglo-Welsh clergymen are positively unfit for publication. Occasionally the English clergyman in Wales has been made the subject of a hoax. There is a story related of one English clergyman still living, who employed a native to prepare a sermon for him. The Welshman was a wag, and took for his text, "Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord." The sermon, gravely delivered, proved to be a humorous description of fox and hare-hunting, and kindred subjects. These things are true, not of the past merely, but of the present. For at this moment the four Welsh bishops, as "well as a large number of the inferior clergy in Welsh parishes, are in many cases total, in all cases comparative, strangers to the people, their language, their manners, and their customs. The Bishops of St. David's, Llandaff, and Bangor are supposed to know something of the Welsh tongue, of course. Dr. Thirlwall, indeed, is well, few better, acquainted with the grammatical structure of the language. The Bishops of Llandaff and Bangor are more or less so likewise. Still, even when they speak Welsh, they speak one language, and the people still speak another; for the people as such may be said to be oblivious to the existence of a Welsh grammar. So the bishops speak grammatical Welsh, the people talk the vernacular; and the bishops remain barbarians to the people, and the people barbarians to the bishops. It is not very long since Dr. Thirlwall confirmed a number of children in a pretty little church

in the north of Pembrokeshire. It was his first visit to that parish church, and the people naturally flocked to see him. They were all Welsh, but most of them had a little knowledge of English as well. The bishop addressed them in both languages; and subsequently declared himself delighted with the attention paid to his remarks. The vicar, however, afterwards interrogated some of his flock as to how they had liked his lordship's discourse. One answered for the rest, and the rest agreed to his reply, "We liked the English part of the sermon very well, but we didn't understand the Welsh part at all."

A few years ago the Bishop of Bangor preached at Criccieth, in Carnarvonshire. "How did you like the bishop's sermon?" inquired a traveller of a publican's wife residing in the neighbouring village of Llanymstundwy. "I would not go to the other side of the road to hear him again," significantly answered Peggy. A respectable Welsh clergyman residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Criccieth says, "I should have no objection to my Bishop (Bangor) delivering an extempore and unprepared address to my communicants, but I should not like him to occupy my pulpit. To some extent he is able to speak the vernacular to the people, but his prepared sermons are in grammatical Welsh, which the people understand as much as they do Dutch." Like pastor, like people, says the old proverb. Like bishop, like clergy also. Things are not in this respect so bad as they used to be, but still numerous are the instances in which parishes with exclusively Welsh populations are in the charge of clergymen whose only language is the English. In former times all the best livings were given to the relatives and personal friends of the bishops. The relations of the Bishop of St. Asaph forty years ago had £23,679, whilst the general body of the clergy in the diocese received £18,391 per annum. The fortunate friends of a mitred chief were usually absentees. In Anglesea, for instance, there are seventy-five parishes. In 1832 there were sixty-two parishes with non-resident incumbents, and fifty-five parishes without any resident clergyman of any kind, whilst nineteen of these parishes were served by only six curates. The effect was withering. The clergy were strangers to the people, their language, manners, customs, and tastes. In hundreds of instances English sermons were preached from the pulpits. Fancy a Welsh sermon to a London congregation! The bishops and clergy trampled on every prejudice of the people. The people were unable to benefit even by the

little instruction doled out to them here and there. The nation was divided into two parts. The clergy composed the one; the people the other. They were in all essentials perfect strangers. Assimilation was simply impossible. How could there be any assimilation under the circumstances? There are in the characters of different races certain differences that resist all attempts at perfect assimilation. The character of the first inhabitants of a country communicates itself to each new succession of colonists, and often survives every possible change of laws, language, and civilization. The modern Frenchman is only a reproduction of the primitive Gaul. Our Irishman is still the impulsive creature which Patrick found him to be. The Welsh of to-day are very much the same people that they were in the days of Giraldus, with the exception of a few favourable traits, the necessary results of Protestantism and a more tranquil state of society.

No one who is tolerably acquainted with both can help remarking how completely opposite are the Welsh and English characters. In dealing with Welsh religious matters, this should be kept constantly in view. The question is not whether, on social grounds, it would be better or worse for Wales to lose her language; but, what is the cause of the failure of the Establishment there? Now the admirable adaptation of the precepts of Christianity to all ages and countries cannot be doubted, and yet it may be said that that religion itself cannot be impressively taught and brought home to the heart without the aid of that indefinable community of feeling which generally exists between men of the same race. The fact is we have tried to teach the Welsh people through the medium of a tongue they did not and do not understand. Of course the attempt was a failure. We have discovered our error, and therefore now employ natives to teach the Gospel, in other countries. In Wales, the key to the hearts of the people has been cast by the clergy into the hands of their opponents, and therefore it is that nine-tenths of the whole population are Dissenters. The result may have been good or bad—but the story is still a strange one. At the Reformation, the contest was for the Gospel in the "tongue understood of the people." The principle was applied equally to Wales. The Bible and the Prayer-book were translated into Welsh; the Act of Uniformity at a later day enacted that in Wales, the services and the sermons should be Welsh because the XXIV. Article of the Church had declared that "it is a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God

and the custom of the Primitive Church, to have publick prayer in the church or to minister the sacraments in a tongue not understood of the people." At length we forgot all this, and sent English clergymen into Wales, and Wales for good or evil has reaped or will reap the fruit.

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From The London Review.

#### THE DULNESS OF PLEASURE.

It does not at all require the temper of a philosopher, or the disposition of a poet, or the stomach of a dyspeptic to find out that amusements are very often the most intolerable modes of enjoyment within the reach of men or women. At this moment there are thousands of people in London groaning under the distressing tax with which the customs of the season assess their physical and moral energies, while the streets swarm with specimens of the country cousin bearing upon their very faces and in their gait proofs that the time of holiday is a period of anything but unalloyed satisfaction. Evening parties at the best are only happy reunions for those who are in love, or who think they are, which is the same thing; and even to those simple creatures the fun of being parboiled in hot rooms and regaled upon the confections and wines which prevail at those institutions palls after a few weeks. In fact, the manner in which pleasure, as it is ironically called, is taken in these days, converts it into a penitential process which no one would willingly undergo if not impelled to do so by mere fashion. Take the Royal Academy, for instance. To say nothing of what the Academicians have done to render the galleries in Trafalgar-square trying to the temper and the patience, the visitor will find that the whim which brings the young ladies of the West-end to the spot interferes with the chance of getting any enjoyment from the pictures. Whole droves of interesting creatures continue to pour into the rooms until each is as packed as a sheep-washing pen, and the visitor, in despair, returns home with a determination not to subject himself a second time to the inevitable discomforts of the show. This is only mentioned as an example. Look into the pit during the third act of a play, or of an opera, and nine out of ten of the audience seem suffering as much mental distress as if they were listening to the saws of a dull sermon. Watch the London cads at Whitesunside following the instinct which forces them into the country or the penny steamboats

on this occasion. After the first excitement is over, the fun begins rapidly to tell upon them. Exuberant leaders in a certain paper perform delirious imitations of ecstasy over the manner in which its patrons—the people—pursue their pleasure, but the representation is not true to nature. The working man has in nine cases out of ten to fight his wife, to carry the baby, and to hunt his unruly children all during the course of the few hours in which he goes to enjoy himself at Kew or Greenwich. The shop-boys and shop-girls come home in stuffy third-class carriages wearied and tired, and surrounded with the other followers of recreation, who are tired and wearied or drunk, or perhaps all three. They cannot expect to fare better than their superiors. The best-ordered lawn party will entail vexatious troubles and annoyance; a picnic is often enough a grim business; while croquet matches, except to enthusiasts or to flirts, are wearisome in the extreme. That this is really the case there is no doubt whatever. It is only very young people who think otherwise—young in the way of experience. Ladies now often complain that they must almost drive the men to their houses or to the grass-plots. Many of the "golden youths" begin to protest against the pleasures of society as intolerable. Women bear those amusements easier and more gracefully. They regard them partly, perhaps, in a business light, but certainly not to the extent with which they are accredited by some of their censors. Still, it is a wonder they do not set their faces against the hurry and haste which utterly deprives a cultivated idleness of its luxury. To leave a ball at four o'clock, to attend the morning ride in the park, to assist at afternoon tea, to visit, to drive, to prepare for dinner, to go then to the opera or theatre, must, when pursued consecutively for some weeks, try the strongest constitution; yet numbers of girls are enduring this probation at present, and regarding it as pleasurable.

If you want to see thoroughly unhappy and discontented faces, look for them where well-dressed loungers congregate—where the men of pleasure have come to hunt the only thing they care for. The dulness of pleasure is upon them, and envelops them. They suffer a constant ache for gratification—an ache which is as distinct and irritating as a pain from a bad tooth. The chairs in Hyde Park are daily tenanted by persons who labour under this complaint. It becomes aggravated in expression if they are by themselves, and have no one to speak to. You notice a slight expression

of interest in their attitudes or glances at first, which gradually wears off, and leaves them blank, listless, and bored, but still faithful to their parts, or their chairs, buoyed up with a queer distorted sense that there is a certain propriety in the situation, and that society demands the sacrifice from them. Without going into the depths of this question either, and very unpleasant depths we should find them, it may be said that it is to be regretted that young men should not be able to have a good surfeit of dissipation without permanent loss of moral strength. Of course we know such a thing to be impossible. Amusements without vice are not popular with the youth of the period, and we doubt if they were with the youth of any period; but vice itself—the sort of vice which seems most attractive and fascinating—becomes, according to all accounts, as dull as virtue when pursued with a senseless perseverance. Indeed, satirists have written that men have wooed the latter when sick of the former, not from a pious instigation, but simply from a desire to change the modes of feeling—to enjoy new sensations. Sterne, in one of his sermons, hints that Solomon's conversion arose from as degraded a motive. But the general effect of vice is to give its follower a false appetite, and to make him what the homilists designate "a slave to his passions." It must be said that the homilists have the evidence of physiognomy on their sides at least. You shall see your thoroughly dissipated men dreadfully out of sorts with themselves constantly. The master they serve pays them with scant wages.

Are intellectual pleasures free from weariness? It is hard to say that they are when we read the personal history of the most intellectual men from whom we derive those sources of enjoyment. It is hard to say whether melancholy or joyousness forms the note of true art, and of the two we are inclined to regard the former as the undertone which pervades every great artistic creation, whether of music, poetry, painting, sculpture, or architecture. This melancholy, or the consciousness of it, is not, however, necessarily displeasing, but still it jades the senses after a very short time. Art, too, renders us dull by dropping us once more on the ground after we have had our heads in the clouds. To a musical person there is an agitation of mind produced by certain emotional pieces which cause a pain and an excitement. This is followed by a reactionary stupor, and an awakening as from a pleasant dream. Even domestic pleasures—the most innocent of all, as we are informed—



are they not dull, dull as ditch-water, oftener than fathers of families or mothers of children would like to confess? There is that venerable institution, the family fire-side, where the head of the house is seated, surrounded with progeny. Intervals of happiness may streak the situation; but, as a rule, the whole lot are at heart protesting against it. The young men, if any, are longing to slip off to their club or cricket, or to anything that will bring them outside this family circle; the girls are reading novels, or are in imagination following the fortunes of heroes and heroines; the good man himself is thinking of business; and the presiding lady has her mind occupied with large or petty cares of some kind or another. There is either this or dullness.

Without novelty or occupation dullness will creep in everywhere, and, on the whole, the men and women who are most free from it are those whose minds are engrossed completely in some particular pursuit or calling, and who have no room for thinking of mere pleasure. Those people, however, if not dull, are the cause of dullness in others, and their society is frequently remembered with mixed sentiments. Dullness must be taken to be the common lot of mortals. It is some satisfaction to feel, when it descends upon us, that it will visit all alike. It is some gratification to those who have to exert themselves usefully to know that those who can and do choose to enjoy themselves will be pursued by this Nemesis. Poets are fond of alluding to that epoch which is known amongst them as the morning of life, and at this vague period it is understood that young persons never dream of the dullness in store for them. But this we do not believe. They have tasted it in some kind even at the dawn of consciousness, and will continue to taste it to the very end. This may be called only another way of turning the old advice as to the vanity of all things, the old sermon with its metaphors of Dead Sea fruit, and other rhetorical ornaments. Still the truth of it is brought home to us with fresh force when the weather becomes distressingly warm in town. The efforts of men and women at this season to escape their destiny is so notoriously frustrated that one turns to venerable causes to account for the effect, if only for the satisfaction of verifying the wisdom of our ancestors. We need not, like Mr. Swinburne, recapitulate the burdens which are the end of every man's desire. If we only confine ourselves to the burden of pleasure itself, to the burden of mere social pleasure, we shall find that it is a load heavy to bear at this particular time.

We might refer to other pleasures, which it is even a burden and a distress to see others suffering from. The unhappy young gentlemen who bowl and bat under the broiling sun, who fag and field with frantic dexterity, if they do not find the amusement dull, must certainly find it worse. The dullness of angling when the trout or the salmon refuse to rise need not be dwelt upon; the dullness of shooting when the birds cannot be found is intense. There is, then, but one mode of staying off this enemy, and that is by work, almost incessant work, which will prevent that relaxation of the faculties in which the complaint consists. To many persons this remedy would at first appear to be worse than the disease; but we would ask them to give it a trial. The work, however, should not take the form of pleasure, but should be a bracing industry from which definite results would follow. We are certain that, simple as this recipe appears, there are many to whom it never even occurred before.

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From The Spectator, 27 June.

#### GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

COUNT VON MOLTKE's speech on the "Ironclad Loan," made to the North German Parliament a few days since, deserves even more attention than it has received. The Government of Berlin, which carries its thrift into every department, had asked the Confederate Diet for the very moderate sum of 3,750,000*l.* for the purchase of ironclads, which, manned by Schleswigers, Holsteiners, and men from the Baltic seaboard, will, it is believed, suffice to make of North Germany a respectable Naval power. The Liberals, with a want of tact which they too often display, resisted the demand, on the ground that Parliament ought to have more control over the expenditure of the loan. The King's government—or President's government, as it ought to be called when the affair concerns all North Germany—threatened to abandon the fleet rather than yield the point; and the public, aware that the Army has been made what it is by executive absolutism, aware also that stinginess, not extravagance, is the vice of Berlin departments, and bitterly disappointed in its hopes of maritime power, did not heartily support the Liberals, who found it expedient to accept a compromise. Parliament, as we understand a not very clear arrangement, is to have as much power over the naval as over the military expenditure, but no more,—that is to say,



the House can regulate the amount and direction of outlay, but not the particular object upon which it ought to be expended. In the course of the debate Count von Moltke, speaking in the absence of the Premier for the whole Cabinet, took occasion to explain his view of the position he hopes and intends that Germany should hold in the world. That view is, at least, as important as Count von Bismarck's, for the great Prussian strategist is more than a necessary man, or even than the great soldier all Europe believes him to be. He is the virtual head of that military "family" which surrounds every Continental monarch, which is exceptionally powerful in Berlin, and which is very often the depositary of a policy as important as that of the State, the policy that the Royal House at heart desires to pursue. Count von Moltke, thus inspired, declares that the object of all Prussian efforts is to construct in Central Europe a State strong enough by sea as well as by land to render attack impossible, and therefore to forbid war. He does not, as a practical statesman, believe in disarmaments arranged by treaty, disarmaments always imperfect, and in the Prussian case visibly impossible, the nation being armed as well as a force within it. He looks for the stable peace he desires to the creation of a power indisposed to aggression, and able not only to defend itself, but to prohibit war without its express consent; and "if such a blessing be ever conferred upon humanity, it will be through Germany, that is, Germany united." To establish unity Germany requires a large army and navy, but the union once achieved, Count von Moltke "sincerely hopes" that the military budget may be reduced. In other words, the Prussian Court looks forward to the revival of the Germanic Empire, to a time when all Germany outside Austria shall be united under one sceptre, and the right of "preventing a cannon from being fired in Europe without permission" shall pass from the Emperor of the French to the Emperor of the Germans. It not only looks forward towards that end, but will struggle towards it as the definite aim of its policy, and until it is accomplished will continue to call upon North Germany for the sacrifices entailed by a great army and a costly fleet.

There is something of massiveness and grandeur about a policy like this, a policy which aims avowedly at the first place in Europe, which Englishmen, even if their interests were all the other way, could hardly help admiring. It is a positive relief to turn from the old platitudes about the "balance of power," and the "susceptibilities of France," and the "commercial in-

terests of Great Britain," to a speech in which the second man in the strongest of European Governments announces that his Cabinet have not a view, or a wish, or a "policy," but a distinct and definite design of obtaining the primacy in the European system, and will use that splendid position, if they obtain it, to make future war impossible. That is a project which, wise or unwise, beneficial or injurious, is at least large enough to form an ideal, and an ideal which, unless this country rejects it, is not entirely beyond hope. France may menace United Germany, but it is, to say the least, doubtful if her menace would be followed by successful action. Austria cannot fight heartily against the primacy of a German power, and will find it far easier to accept her aid in subduing and civilizing the Valley of the Danube. Between Russia and Europe a Germanic Empire would interpose an almost impassable barrier, and there is some, though not complete, truth in the claim of Germany to be considered unaggressive. She certainly has not been very meek as regards either Hungary, or Denmark, or Poland; and there are Germans still, and Germans not without influence, who hold that their natural seaboard would include the Zuyder Zee. But it is true that the Germans have no wish for great conquests, no desire to attack France, or Italy, or Russia, or to include any non-German race except the Bohemian among their subject peoples. They are willing to be quiet, if only they may have that position throughout the world which they are certain sooner or later to attain on the continent of Europe. The present position, say the North Germans, is quite exceptional, and cannot be tolerated for ever. In Europe, the mistress continent of the world, their position is at least that of equality with the highest; but in the world, — and very humble Germans know that there is a world as well as a Germany, — they are nobodies. England, France, and America, are all in all, and Germany is nothing. This grand State, with its unique organization, will not, even when completed, possess one dependency, one colony, one naval station not held upon sufferance. She will be weaker in the Baltic than Russia, in the Mediterranean than Spain, in the far East than Holland. Her trade, rapidly becoming great, rests upon no protection save her prestige on land; could, for instance, be destroyed by the United States with impunity; and her surplus population is annually lost, swallowed up by a republic of a foreign language and a different civilization. On earth there is outside Germany no people the language of

whose laws is German, no State which may give her children the chance of perpetual and indefinite expansion without loss of their nationality. All propagandist force is wanting to her, and she even in her unity must share that position of inferiority which America as she rises will assign to the ancient world. That position is one which Germany is naturally unwilling to accept, at least until it is certain that in the march of events she can attain no better. An idea of this kind, half formulized among the masses, quite formulized among professors, is, we believe, at the bottom of the German desire for fleets, colonies, and commerce, the desire which the nation has manifested for fifty years, which impelled her to the conquest of the Danish possessions on the mainland, which inspires her policy towards Holland, and which induces the thriftiest of governments to throw away money in maintaining fleets, treaties, and consuls in the Far East. England alone, or alone with the exception of America, can interrupt the realization of this idea; and it may, before long, be a question for Englishmen to decide whether or no they intend to interrupt it. Germany can prevent or punish French, Russian, or Austrian intervention, being able to reach those countries directly; and in America, while the German vote weighs heavily, the rise of Germany is seen without annoyance. It is England alone which can interfere with effect, and England has, that we can see, no motive for interfering, many motives for hearty acquiescence in German ambition. Her rise as a Continental power is already welcomed here with pleasure, and why not as a maritime or colonial power? To put the case in its most brutal form, every new port, ship, and island acquired by North Germany helps to ensure her friendliness by bringing her within range of English action; and of all intruders in the Far East or in South America, or best of all, in Asia Minor, she is the one with whom we could most easily set up and maintain effective alliance. If—as Count von Bismarck once half jocularly hinted in the Diet might one day be the case—the task of civilizing the Asiatic Archipelago fell to her, what injury should we sustain? Her expansion by colonization in any region outside Europe could do us no harm, and in Turkey she would be our best, because most intelligible ally. It is hard to imagine a good reason why this country should be jealous either of a German fleet, or of the colonial expansion which Germany hopes that fleet will one day secure; and to show that we are not jealous, that we shall welcome her heartily as a great naval power, is the quickest as well as the

wisest way to secure that cordial alliance which, when her unity is once secured, will assure the peace of the world. A State which announces formally that she is raising loans to build great fleets in order to claim a primacy in Europe, is a State with which we must reckon either as an enemy or an ally; and when that State is Germany, with no interests hostile to our own, and many interests identical with our own, with a permanent jealousy of our most dangerous neighbour, and a permanent dread of our most dangerous foe, friendship would certainly appear the wiser, as it is the easier policy of the two. Why should we oppose the expansion of German power abroad, whether she conquers an India in the neglected Archipelago, or finds an Australia in the wasted resources of Asiatic Turkey?

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From The London Review.

BISHOP PERCY'S FOLIO MANUSCRIPT.\*

WE have on previous occasions noticed with commendation the earlier parts of this excellent issue, and we have now to record its completion. The final volume is provided with a Glossary, which appears to be full and interesting, and with an "Index of Names, Subjects, and Phrases," which will facilitate reference to the various ballads. In a general preface to the whole work, supplied by Mr. F. J. Furnivall under the rather affected title of "Forewords," the story of this edition of the celebrated "Folio Manuscript" of Bishop Percy is briefly told. It appears that until recently the treasure was kept by the Bishop's descendants very jealously at Ecton Hall, near Northampton. Even the Percy Society was not allowed to see it. Many eminent antiquaries attempted, but in vain, to penetrate its secrets; and on one occasion, in the winter of 1815, when Dr. Dibdin was staying at Ecton Hall, and was permitted to examine the book, he was stopped on its being discovered that he was making certain copies from it. The reason for this conduct was stated to be that some member of the family might perhaps, one day or other, like to edit the MS. himself. However, no such literary enthusiast appeared, and still the refusals went on. About six years ago, Mr. Furnivall tried to get access to the MS., but failed. He tried again when starting the Early English Text Society,

\* Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. Ballads and Romances. Edited by John W. Hales, M. A., and Frederick J. Furnivall, M. A. (assisted by Professor Child, W. Chappell, Esq., &c.) Vol. I. Part II.—Vol. II. Part II.—Vol. III. London: Trübner & Co.

and again failed. Once more he tried at a later date, and once more he was disappointed. Ultimately Professor Child, an American gentleman, added an offer of £50 to Mr. Furnivall's of £100, through Mr. Thurston Holland, a friend both of the Professor and the owners of the folio; "and this last attempt succeeded." Mr. Furnivall and his friends "obtained the right to hold the MS. for six months, and make and print one copy of it. This six months the owners kindly extended from time to time to thirteen, to enable all the proofs and revises to be read with the MS. before it was returned to them." It appears that the original is to be sold to the British Museum, where it will doubtless be conned in many succeeding ages by the curious in early English. Considering the great size of the work, the difficulties of the old and damaged manuscript, and the many obstacles presented by the antique spelling and punctuation (which have here been strictly followed, with very slight exceptions), it is surprising that the whole of the poems should have been copied, annotated, prefaced, and printed, in so short a space as thirteen months. The editors and assistants have certainly a right to congratulate themselves on the completion of their task, which must have been one of very great labour, and which they have discharged with signal ability, learning, and industry. The expenses of such a production have been serious, and indeed it appears that the debt on the book is more than £800. We trust that the projectors will not be allowed to suffer; in any case, the literary public will owe them a debt of gratitude for placing within general reach a work which throws so much light on the rise of English poetry. In considering it, however, with reference to the development of our literature, some caution must always be observed. The MS. is less ancient than several of the pieces it contains, and it is probable enough that the transcriber occasionally made alterations in the phraseology of the ballads, as Percy himself did afterwards (though doubtless not to the same extent), to suit his own tastes. It was not a critical or antiquarian age in which the old folio was compiled, and the penman doubtless had no literary object in view, but simply sought his own gratification. The handwriting is assigned by Sir F. Madden to a date subsequent to 1650, though two authorities at the Record Office whom Mr. Furnivall consulted think it belongs to the reign of James I. This, however, cannot be, as the later pieces contain one on the taking of Banbury in 1642, an-

other on the siege of Newark in 1643, and a third ("The King enjoys his rights again") which apparently also belongs to the latter year. At any rate, the collection must have been made at a very different date from that of some of the poems, and a degree of modernization may possibly have crept in. The dialect, moreover, seems to indicate a Lancashire origin on the part of the copyist, for the provincialisms of that portion of England are frequently used, and this may have been in some cases a source of corruption. Percy thought that the MS. was made by Thomas Blount, author of some law books, "A Journey to Jerusalem," and other works, who was a native of Worcestershire, and a barrister of the Middle Temple; but Mr. Furnivall thinks a man of Blount's training would hardly have executed such a work in the style in which it comes to us. The MS. is described by our authority as "a 'scrubby, shabby, paper' book—about fifteen and a half inches long by five and a half wide, and about two inches thick—which has lost some of its pages, both at the beginning and end," and has been further injured by the binder to whom Percy sent it, who, in "ploughing" the edges, has docked some of the top and bottom lines in various parts of the volume. The original editor found it "lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in the parlour," of his friend Humphrey Pitt, of Shiffnall in Shropshire, in whose house it was used by the maids to light the fire. It was made over to Percy, who kept it in a ragged and torn condition until he desired to lend it to Johnson. At that time Percy was vicar of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, and in the summer of 1764 Johnson paid him a visit at the vicarage, where the publication of the "Reliques" was probably debated. It was Shenstone, however, who first suggested the printing of a selection from the folio, and he was to have assisted in the editing, but first illness and then death prevented him. As it was, Percy had the advice and co-operation of most of the eminent poets and scholars of the day, from some of whom he received additional ballads, which in the published volumes supply the place of several contained in the MS., but which the reverend editor did not choose to include in his work. The book appeared in 1765, after a preparation extending over four or five years, and it is curious to find that for the first edition Percy received only one hundred guineas, though for subsequent issues the sums were increased. The collection was sneered at by Warburton and Hurd, and but coldly

received by Johnson, whose tastes were not at all in the direction of uncouth old ballad poetry. Nevertheless, the work was very successful, and it had unquestionably a great influence—not immediately felt, but working its way slowly and surely into the literary mind of the country—in inducing a return to a more fresh, natural, and spontaneous mode of poetical expression, a more varied and lyrical versification, and a greater faith in the truth of nature, than had for a long while prevailed. It also attracted attention to the editor, led the way to promotion, and finally inducted him into the Bishopric of Dromore, in Ireland, where he died in 1811, at the ripe age of eighty-two. In the "Life of Bishop Percy," furnished to the present work by the Rev. J. Pickford, M.A., a good deal of inquiry is made as to Percy's origin—whether or not he was the son of a grocer at Bridgenorth, Shropshire. The Bishop himself claimed relationship with the Dukes of Northumberland, and the Bishop's family to this day deny the alleged humbleness of his parentage; but it would seem from various records that his father really carried on the business alluded to. Why not? The Bishop was a scholar, a good clergyman, and an amiable person, and it matters nothing what was the occupation of his father; though, as he had the weakness to stickle somewhat about his family, it is perhaps excusable to dwell a little on the actual fact.

The most serious opposition to the "Reliques" proceeded from Ritson. That able but vicious-tempered antiquary opened a tremendous fire on the new work, attacked it and the editor in terms of the coarsest abuse, and accused the latter of lying, hypocrisy, corruption, and forgery. The style of Ritson's remarks was of course utterly incapable of justification; but it is not to be denied that Percy laid himself open to suspicion, and his work to detraction, by the liberties he took with his originals, and the absence—especially in the first edition—of a sufficient intimation that the text of the ballads had been largely altered. The editor did indeed say that emendations had been introduced, and gaps supplied; but he did not lead any one to suppose that some of the ballads were almost entirely re-written. The thirty-nine lines of the original "Child of Elle" were extended to two hundred; large additions were made to "Sir Cawline, and "Sir Aldingar;" and "Valentine and Ursine" is stated by Mr. Furnivall to have been entirely the Bishop's own, and founded on the old prose romance of the same name, which

forms the basis of the popular child's story we have all read in our youthful days. "The extent to which Percy used his folio MS. in his 'Reliques,'" says Mr. Furnivall, "has been concealed by his misstatement, that of the pieces he published, 'the greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript in the editor's possession, which contains near two hundred poems, songs, and metrical romances.' The 'Reliques' (1st ed.) contains 176 pieces, and of these the folio is used only in 45; so that for Percy's 'greater part' we should read 'about one-fourth' and, if his term 'extracted' is to be taken strictly, 'not one-sixth.'" The spurious matter was in fact much greater than could have been gathered from the editor's admissions, and Ritson, detecting the modern style of much of the poetry, denounced the whole work as a fraud, with some show of reason, as Percy would never produce the original MS., though with a bitterness which was in itself inexhaustible. Besides his additions, Percy indulged largely in suppression, and the present editors have laid us under considerable obligations by printing several very curious poems which Percy, for some reason which is not apparent, chose to suppress. In reviewing what has been done in the work before us, Mr. Furnivall says:—

"It is something to have helped to secure the MS. for the nation, something that ballads like 'The Child of Elle,' 'Sir Cawline,' 'Sir Andrew Barton' (iii. 403), 'Old Robin of Portingale' (i. 235), can be read without Percy's tawdry touches, something that 'Robin Hood and Randle Erle of Chestre' get fresh clearness to our view, that a new Sir Lionell (i. 74) lives for us, and 'Balowe' (iii. 518) is restored to its English home. It is more that we have now for the first time 'Eger & Grime' in its earlier state, 'Sir Lambewell' (i. 142) besides, the 'Cavilere's' praise of his hawking (iii. 369), the complete version of 'Scottish Feilde' (i. 199), and 'Kinge Arthur's Death' (i. 487), the fullest of 'Flodden Feilde' (i. 813), and the verse 'Merline' (i. 417), the 'Earle of Westmorlande' (i. 292), 'Bosworth Feilde' (iii. 233), the curious poem of 'John de Reeve' (ii. 550), and the fine alliterative one of 'Death and Life' (iii. 56), with its gracious picture of Lady dame Life, awakening life and love in grass and tree, in bird and man, as she speeds to her conquest over Death."

That Percy did not more completely indicate the degree of alteration which he introduced into the old ballads is to be regretted; but the alterations themselves can hardly be blamed, since it is quite certain that without them the public—even the



literary public of those days — would never have been induced to take any interest in the collection, and thus the particular good which it effected would have been lost. We have only to glance at the uncouth, perplexingly antique, and often fragmentary poems as printed in the present volumes, to be sure that such a work could never have had any wide influence over the tastes of a people. The reproduction is most interesting on antiquarian grounds, and we are extremely glad to have it; but a hundred years ago it would have fallen still-born from the press. We wish Mr. Furnivall and his colleagues had not considered it their duty to gird so often and so sharply at the Bishop, as, whatever his literary faults and shortcomings, we are all under a great debt of gratitude to him for the publication of the "Reliques."

We are pleased to find that the printing of the folio MS. is to be followed by the issue of other collections of a similar kind, for the editing of which a "Ballad Society" is about to be established. In the prospectus of this society we read:—

"The known collections of printed ballads are the Pepys at Magdalene College, Cambridge; the Roxburghe, the Bagford, and the King's-Library Political Ballads, in the British Museum; the Ashmole, Douce, and Rawlinson at Oxford; Mr. Euing's at Glasgow (from Bishop Heber's Library); and small ones in the Antiquaries' Society, &c. Manuscript ballads are also at Oxford and elsewhere. *The Ballad Society* proposes to print the whole of these collections, so far as it can, with copies of the original wood-cuts to such of the ballads as have them, and Introductions when needed.

"Were the Pepys collection a public one, it would be the first chosen for issue by the society; but the Fellows of Magdalene have for some time

had the intention of some day printing the collection themselves—are indeed now indexing it—and they may carry out their intention independently of the Ballad Society. A proposal has been made to them either to act in unison with the society, or no longer to delay the publication of their ballads,—which men of letters have desired any time these hundred years without getting them,—either by themselves or by the society. It is hoped that the result of this proposal will be the speedy appearance of the Pepys collection.

"Pending the settlement of this question, a hand-list of all the other printed collections accessible to the public will be made, and issued to subscribers to the Ballad Society, to show what work lies before it and them. Unless any of the provincial sets prove more valuable than they have appeared on a hasty glance to be, the British Museum collections—the Roxburghe and Bagford—will be taken in hand, and produced as quickly as funds and editors' leisure will allow. Dr. Kimbault and Mr. William Chappell, whose long study of ballads and ballad literature is so well known, and whose knowledge has been so often tried and proved to be sound, have already kindly undertaken to act as editors of the ballads, and the Rev. Alexander Dyce has promised general help. Other aid will be forthcoming when called for, and the manuscript ballads will be produced when Mr. Furnivall, or whoever their editor may be, has had time to collect them."

In the parts now before us of the work we have been considering, we observe two interesting essays: one on the term "Bondman," and the class it represented in old times, by Mr. Furnivall; the other, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, on "Alliterative Poetry." We can only refer to these by name; but they will be found to add to the value of the book.

**RELIGIOUS DOUBT.**—I have not been able to suppress my delight at a discovery, which I scarcely anticipated, that a biography, which faithfully exhibits the different directions in which Bunsen's mind traveled, should bring out as faithfully the secret of its unity, or should so confirm and illustrate the evidence coming from his latest work. I speak of delight—but it is a delight mixed with awe. For I feel, as I said at the beginning of this article, that the movements of our time, which might seem to make his life obsolete, have brought the question which was working in his heart from his earliest years, and which came fully before him in his latest, more and more directly upon us, that every form of philosophy, and every negation of philosophy;

every form of religion, and negation of religion; every physical inquiry, every inquiry into the life of nations, of races of mankind, is compelling us to face it. None are doing more by their positive facts, by their worship of humanity, to force it upon us than those who say that theology died ages ago, and needs only a burial. That burial may be the step to a resurrection such as none of us dream of. But, in the mean time, we clergymen plunge into all petty controversies, spend our passions and our energies in them, and have only hard words for a layman who said to us on earth, who says to us from the tomb, 'A God, or no God: that is the question.'

F. D. Maurice, in *Macmillan*.



## CHAPTER VII.

It was not a hard task to overcome the few difficulties that stood in the way of carrying out Maurice's scheme. And now came to Antonia the dawn of a new life and the fulfilment of her old one. The fulfilment of the old, because she had at last found scope for the full exercise of her talents, and was fairly on the road to finding scope for her genius also; the dawning of a new life, because—was it not only to be expected that her warm and sympathetic nature should seek to find fulfilment too?

And so it happened, as indeed was inevitable. When perfect sympathy exists between a woman and one who possesses mental qualities which she has not, and which she therefore, after the manner of women, exaggerates, and when this sympathy is combined with the undoubted belief that her own feelings, whatever they may be, are appreciated and returned, there can be but one result. In Antonia's case, a passionate nature, intensifying every thought and every emotion, carried her along the pleasant and natural, but dangerous, road without allowing her to stop and examine her own heart; while her unconsciousness of self and want of feminine vanity made her place Maurice upon a higher level in comparison with herself than perhaps he deserved. He was, no doubt, really above her in some things—in delicacy of perception, for instance, which with him was the result of refinement and cultivation, and was founded on comparison and judgment, while with her it depended almost entirely upon an instinct which was very apt to make mistakes. Again, he had a quality in which she was almost entirely deficient—that which leads the possessor of it to look upon human nature and the outside world with a constant view to artistic relation, and which sharpens, subtilises, and fills with life the brain, while it renders the heart cool and equable in its pulsations. He was, in a word, essentially the artist of talent and culture, and so far was the superior; but then she had genius, which, when once it has received the seed of culture, does not cease to produce tares, it is true, but of every good grain sown therein brings forth a thousandfold. This exuberant nature of hers, hitherto narrowed and confined, rapidly expanded under the influences of love and art. Her personal appearance even shared in the change; and, without becoming beautiful, she began imperceptibly to acquire the charm of manner which is the privilege of those only whose souls are large and fair. Her figure gained a kind of stately elasticity,

her bright eyes brightened, she attended more carefully to matters of dress and appearance, she looked younger and happier. It was in her the artist and the woman flowering together. Gradual as the change was, Maurice could not help being struck by it; but though by no means stupid in such matters, and certainly not without his share of the vanity common to all men where women are concerned, he never connected himself in any way with it.

The life lived by both was now happy in the extreme. Maurice had already tasted the delightful foretaste of fame, and nothing had occurred to deaden its effect. He was no longer hampered by poverty, he was already distinguished in that art which he now loved entirely and for its own sake, his society was courted, his intellectual nature gratified by the friendships that he was enabled to form among men, and his deeper needs of the heart by what so few men ever find—and the highest and best of men the least often of all—the full sympathy and devotion of a woman who could keep pace with him in all his advances, console and encourage him, praise and appreciate, learn and teach—to whom he could open all his heart, and who gave him all hers in return.

And her happiness was complete also. Her love had grown so gradually, and had become so much a part of her nature, that she never thought about it. It was like the air she breathed; and she was never disturbed by the most passing doubt. How should a woman like her bestow all her soul in vain? It could not be so in the very nature of things.

Meanwhile her progress in study was rapid and brilliant. It can scarcely be said, however, that she astonished the skilful musician under whose instruction she placed herself; he accepted her at once for what she was, and she had to pass through no preliminary course of "so!"s and "hm!"s. It was not long before her teacher procured her an engagement at the Court Church, and she had every prospect of coming to terms with the Director of the theatre at Dresden, where it was thought best for her to overcome the difficulties of a first appearance.

The friendship between herself and the painter was equally beneficial to both, in so far as related to artistic development. Each supplied a want in the other. She supplied his deficiency in enthusiasm, while he rectified the somewhat uneven balance of her nature, in which enthusiasm was carried to so high a pitch. The relation between them was thus of a peculiar and unusual nature. No word of love had as

yet arisen between them to disturb them or break their perfect confidence. The love that was felt by Antonia was too strong and too real, and had enveloped her too completely, to make her afraid, and he — was he not the lover of Grace Owen?

Maurice now lived in good lodgings in the Schlosz-Gasse, but he removed to them from his old attic much against the grain. The daily presence of Antonia had become almost a necessary part of his life and of his work; and, though he affected to rejoice at having regained his peace of ear, the absence of the voice, of whose industry he had so often complained, was missed by him more than he himself imagined.

So weeks and months passed on, during which the two lived a kind of ideal life without ever pausing to think of the real nature of their feelings towards each other. The days resembled each other so closely, and were so calm and pleasant, that it never occurred to either that their present way of life could ever end. But the inevitable end must come at last — and it came.

One spring evening, nearly a year since Edward Maurice had achieved his first sudden and unexpected success, he found himself alone with Antonia at her lodging. Her uncle had a temporary engagement at Leipzig, and her aunt had accompanied him. She herself was singing at the piano when Maurice entered, so that, her back being towards the door, she did not see him. When she had finished he made an exclamation of applause. She turned round.

"That is not fair," she said, "to listen when I am singing to myself."

"I am very glad that I did so, though. I have found out an important secret about you by it."

"What is that?"

"That you sing better to yourself alone than to an audience. That is common among amateurs, but not among artists."

"Is that a compliment, or not?"

"It doesn't sound like one, I admit. What I mean is, that the singer who takes equal care when alone, and finds her own heart the most sympathetic audience, must love art in the very highest way, and not at all for the thalers and groschen."

Antonia laughed. "But I do love it for the thalers and groschen," she answered.

"Less than you think, I fancy," replied Maurice. "But *rien d'argent*, nevertheless. I certainly shall not quarrel with you."

"But I mean to quarrel with you. I would really rather that you would not listen when I don't know it." Antonia spoke seriously, and as though she meant what she said.

"There — do not scold me, but I cannot say I repent. Have you seen the Herr Director lately?"

"A hundred times, but we cannot agree. We are both too fond of the groschen, I think."

"You are quite right — don't let him get hold of you for nothing. I would go to Leipzig sooner — they would be glad of you there just now."

"Of course — and if I had only been wise enough to drop a hint to our Director here that I was uncertain where I should come out, he would soon have come to terms. But I have rather set my heart on Dresden, and he knows it too well."

"He will come round at last; so many people here would be angry, if he did not. So hold out, by all means."

"Trust me! And you — how is the fresco to-day?"

"Oh, as usual — that is to say, getting on slowly enough. I will take you to see it in a day or two — only I am always afraid of you."

"Why?"

"Because you are always comparing me against Murillo, and Raphael, and Titian, — which is grossly unfair."

"Should you like me to judge your picture against the Tinker of Mieris, then?"

"God forbid! That would be outside me altogether — the spirit of the Dutchman would stand aghast in his grave at my vagueness. So don't be absurd, but play me something. I won't ask you to sing any more — that would be unfair in my turn."

"I thought you were going to the theatre to-night."

"So I was, but felt tired and lazy. I don't think I shall go there much again before a certain occasion."

"Thank you. So my music will suit you when you are tired and lazy."

"At all events it will suit me now."

"Perhaps I am tired and lazy too."

"You are never lazy, and if you are tired, I will not be hard on you."

He took a chair and sat down at the piano close to her side.

She put out her hand and took up at random a piece of music from the heap that lay all around her in the wildest confusion. She never kept anything in its place, and always had to trust to instinct to find what she wanted. The piece to which her hand was guided was a rather light sonata of Mozart. She began to play from the notes, but the evening light was gradually diminishing, so that she had to trust to memory more and more. As she did not know this sonata very accurately her performance be-

came rather vague, and she began to make repeats, and to try experiments in expression. Her mood at the time was by no means in harmony with the character of the music, but still she went on, without knowing why, until, mingling the composer's fancies with her own, she created an effect which was that of Mozart exaggerated and almost caricatured—the joy of earth rendered wildly sad.

There was something in the deep, almost grotesque, yet pathetic irony of the music, as she played it,—in the soft, warm dimness of the spring evening that entered at the open window—in the gentle swaying motion with which Antonia always kept time to her own playing—and even in the bare sombreness of the room itself, that had an effect upon the sensitive nature of the painter something like that of autumn on the year—the closing of the ever too short summer, and the warning that, very soon, no good things will be left in life save the memories of the past, and such sorry make-shifts for warmth and joy as winter allows. He seemed as though he felt the roses of his life—they had been of late so many and so sweet—dropping prematurely from their thorns, and the fragrance of its white lilies changing into the sad, heavy odour of fallen leaves. Antonia, too, seemed more than touched by the same melancholy spirit. The very soul of the great master whose music was before her, who knew so well that from laughter to tears the interval is imperceptible, who felt so fully how beautiful is earth, but how sad and how vain, after all, is its beauty—in whose brightest strains we seem always to hear the words, "Earth is very fair, but how soon it passeth! Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—seemed present with them both. It would have been quite impossible for either to have uttered a word. Gradually Maurice lost all definite idea of the sounds which never ceased to float around, and felt them only in his heart. A great dread of the end was upon him. It seemed as though his happiness, his life itself, depended upon the duration of those wandering sounds, and that, when they should cease, all would cease too. What Antonia felt, who can guess? But suddenly—what caprice, what impulse, what strange power stirred her, she, at least, could never have told—she began to sing softly, and to herself—for she had, by now, become unconscious of aught save dreams—that air from 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' which is the very soul of yearning, passionate, yet undoubting love—the languor of joyful longing and the deep melancholy of intense

passion—the joy of sadness, and the utter sadness of joy—

"Deh vieni, non tardar, O Gioja bella!  
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella;  
Finche risplende in ciel notturna face,  
Finche l'aria è dolce, e il mondo tace

Vieni, mio ben!"

The secret of the hour was told—the veil of both their lives at last was torn away.

When the last notes of the song had died unheard, her wonderful eyes, soft and bright even in the darkness, and full of a strange light, were drawn towards his. His face was pale, and he trembled.

"Antonia!" he said, but in so low a tone that his voice was inaudible. Her heart heard it, however, and understood it too, for the next moment she was in his arms.

It was late when they parted. When Maurice returned to his lodging he found two letters for him, one from Lawson, the other from the father of Grace Owen.

#### CHAPTER VII.

GRACE OWEN—where was she in the memory of Edward Maurice?

It may be opposed to poetic theory, but is not the less true, that love affords no contradiction to the common experience of men that a great change of scene, combined with a still greater change of habits, associations, and aims, is fully sufficient to cast a very thick veil indeed over old aims, old scenes, and old feelings. No one is wilfully inconstant, but no one is proof against involuntary forgetfulness. The saying of Horace about those who hurry beyond sea is daily condemned by facts. So much does a change of country, with all its attendant and consequent changes, alter our feelings and almost our very nature, that, to all intents and purposes, a man who is subjected to it very seldom remains the same person, even in his own eyes. Who even among those whose experience of change of country has been confined to an autumn tour has not found that, before three days are well over, a cloud has formed itself between his immediate present and his immediate past; before three weeks, a thick wall of new ideas and new associations? But he must either be very old in years, or extremely unimpressible, or very abnormally constituted, who, having changed not only his country but his opinions, his views about life and all his aims and desires—having held no communication with his own country for two eventful years, having been

surrounded during that time by intensely powerful influences, — remains the same in his feelings as before the change came about. Now Edward Maurice was not old, not unimpressible, and not constituted differently from other men of his mental level, and so Grace Owen had gradually come to dwell less and less in his thoughts, until of late he often spent days together without giving her a single recollection. Still, until this evening, he had never dreamed of being inconstant to her, and no doubt fancied, and would have asserted, that he was as much in love with her as ever. If she had been false to him, he would probably have been extremely indignant, and have looked upon himself as deeply injured, and, if he had ever examined himself closely, would probably have made an effort to thrust Antonia from his heart. But, as with Antonia, so with himself, his love had grown so gradually that self-examination had been rendered impossible, and the more so that no obstacles had lain in the way which might have ripened it or laid it bare prematurely. There had been no absence, no interference of friends, no occasions for jealousy, no quarrels; all had been sunshine, and constant intercourse, and undoubting trust. The course of my life is pleasant, let it run on. There is no danger to me who love Grace, none to Antonia who is absorbed in art. Such had been the nearest approach to self-examination that Maurice had made during the whole period, and that not often and never consciously. Thus, for some time, matters between himself and Antonia had come to a crisis that needed only the slightest accident to develop itself fully. Such an accident had now happened, and both now knew their own hearts and the heart of each other.

Certainly no one was less than Grace in the mind of her professed lover when he returned to his lodgings and found the two letters. He remembered now with anything but pleasure that his two years of probation, to which he had not long before looked forward with such impatience, had more than come to an end. He would have given almost anything save the love of Antonia, if he could have purchased two years more. "However," he thought, "since the time must have come at last, perhaps it is best now. Besides, I don't deserve that my path through the affair should be one of roses." He opened first the letter from Grace's father.

"HOTEL DE —, PARIS, June 10, 184—.

"MY DEAR EDWARD, — Though I thought

it best that there should be no direct communication between us during the period of your study, I have taken care, through others, to keep myself informed of what you have been doing. I am glad to have heard nothing but what is even more than satisfactory. Your industry and your character are spoken of in the highest terms, and these, together with your talent, have, it seems, found their reward. I congratulate you most heartily, and am fully prepared, on my own part, to keep my promise.

"But are you still in the same mind? I presume so, as your own sense of honour, under the circumstances, would have led you to inform me, if otherwise. But now those circumstances have changed, and I think it right to inform you at once how matters stand. If you, *now* wish to withdraw I shall not blame you—you will only be taking a wise and prudent course. But I am forced to put your affection for Grace very strongly to the proof.

"I grieve to say that I am no longer a rich man. It is unnecessary to tell you how my misfortunes have come about—that I will keep to another opportunity. I will only say now that they have been allowed by all, even those who suffered with me, to have been misfortunes only and not faults. But it comes to this—that I have not enough left to support myself and Grace in reasonable comfort—and, what is worse, I fear that my state of health will never permit me to take any steps to recover my position.

"You yourself cannot yet be in a position to marry at once. Grace has therefore thought it best—against my wish, certainly, but it seems inevitable—to attempt to do something. Indeed there is no help for it. Her plan is to spend the next year or two on the Continent, so that we may live as cheaply as we can, and at the same time that she may learn to turn her musical talent to the best account.

"We are accordingly on our way to Dresden, which place we have fixed on because you are there. If, however, you think it best to change your mind—I shall not blame you, nor will Grace—let me know at once, and we will endeavour to avoid a meeting. I cannot remain here to await your answer, as I am obliged to save every penny. So the best way will be for you to address a note for me to the Hôtel de Pologne, at Dresden, so that I may receive it immediately on my arrival, containing your answer. If the tenor of it should induce me not to remain, we should continue our journey to Vienna, where I have friends and introductions.



"Grace is well in health. She does not know I am writing to you.

"This is indeed a terrible overthrow of the prospects of all of us—of yours as much as any one's. But I trust that both you and I are good Christians enough to submit with hope and patience to the will of God, whatever it may be.

"Hoping to find your answer on my arrival, believe me to be, yours always,

RICHARD OWEN."

"NEWMAN STREET, LONDON, June 9.

"MY DEAR MAURICE,—I am going to send you some very bad news indeed. You perhaps may have heard of it independently of me, but reports are such strange things that I hasten to tell you what I know.

"Well then, there is no mincing the matter—old Owen has gone to complete smash—as complete as can be imagined. What is worse, matters can never be set right again with him, and he, I fear, is sinking fast. I am not man of business enough to tell you all the causes and circumstances—they were awfully complicated, but no one blames Owen in the least—that, at all events, you will be glad to hear. I myself came back from Rome, between which place and Florence I have been getting rid of the last year or thereabouts, as soon as I heard of the affair, to see if I could be of any use, for the sake of old times. As you know, the poor girl has no relations who are in the least likely to do anything for her; besides, when one is down, relations are worse even than friends, if that is possible. Not only do they never help you, but they give good advice into the bargain—from which may the gods preserve us all for evermore!—and when you don't take it—what sane man ever does?—they shake their heads and shrug their shoulders, and say that at all events they have done their best, and let you go to the devil. *Credere experto*. Where was I? Well, I have seen her, and I can give you at least the consolation of knowing that she has kept her health and her looks also, though of course she has lost a little of her brightness, for the time. She was very glad to see me, and, as I could do nothing else, I tried to do what I have just been inveighing against, to give good advice. Like a brave and sensible girl, however, she scorned it altogether. I don't think she would even take yours. If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? You will certainly have a wife with a will of her own. She has made up her mind, as her father can do nothing, to go abroad and make music her profession instead of her amusement.

Well, she has good talent—at least we used to think so—and might make something of it. She won't, of course, be a Pasta, but she ought to be able to pay her baker's and cheesemonger's bills. Still, I hope from my soul it will be unnecessary. Of course no one here now knows your exact position. You could not write to Grace, and you would not write to me. Well, we are in the same boat, and so I must not complain, and you may, or may not, be well off. If you are, and your prospects are as good as the rumour of the studios—that abominable liar!—vaguely says, well and good. If you are not, I suppose the lady must go into training. Time will show. The only wise thing to which I could persuade her was to begin the world at Dresden, where you will be able to keep them both, and, perhaps, be able, if you still frequent the society of musical people, to put her in the way of what she ought to do. But I don't suppose she would have taken my advice on that point either, unless her own inclinations had accorded with it. As it was, she made a little fight of it, but her game was very open, and she yielded to my arguments as soon as I made a pretence of giving them up. "She knows I am writing to you, but, as she will not send any but the coldest messages, I will not repeat them. I do not think they soar above kindest regards. You will, however, see both father and daughter and hear what she has to say to you, without having to trust to a third person, in a very few days. They start to-day, and to-morrow will be in Paris. The father means, he tells me, to write to you himself from there, and then they will proceed immediately to Dresden. But, to tell you the truth, my dear fellow, I am very much afraid they will never arrive there. Of course, I do not hint my suspicions to Grace—I consider it to be my mission at present to keep her spirits up as much as possible—but her father's life is not worth a day's purchase. It is as well to be prepared for the worst. He is very weak, and has violent palpitations of the heart on the least occasion of exertion or excitement, and an acute pain apparently across the muscles of his chest. Perhaps you will say it is folly for them to travel—but what is to be done? I myself believe that anything will be better for him than to remain in England, and Dr. Lewis tells me he thinks so too.

"This is all I have to say now. I offered to see them to Dresden myself, but—alas and woe is me!—the evil genius who takes charge of my pocket says "impossible;" and that other evil genius who watches over



all people who have money to lend, confirms the decree. Even my friends, who would have spared me a pound or two if I were going to remain in England, would have nothing to do with me when they heard I was going abroad; and those who would have helped me if they could are of course in the same state as myself. As it is, I must wait some weeks before I can get back to Florence, where I now have a little copying work to do—very little, indeed, but still enough to keep me in not the very worst tobacco and not the very blackest wine—the only things upon which I spend more than two *lire* at a time.

"In two hours I accompany the Owens to Dover—I wish I was going farther, but *che fare*? The worst is, I fear Grace may take it unkindly of me—but I daresay she guesses the reason pretty well.

"Now, my dear Maurice, I have written this letter rather lightly, but you know my way. I need not say how much I really feel for you all, especially for that poor girl. If I can possibly be of any service to you here—I *must* remain in London three weeks more at the least—write to me at the old place. I am not living there, but they take in my letters.

"Good-bye. I suppose that in the course of this extraordinary muddle called life, and somewhere in this extremely small place called the earth, we shall meet again one of these days. If not—well, I suppose it won't much matter, though I confess I should be sorry. Let me hear from you. Grace has promised for you, so you will have to buy some pens at last. They are not very expensive things, and not very difficult to discover, although you seem to think so. Ever, my dear Maurice, yours,

"FRANK LAWSON."

Maurice sat down at the table as one stupefied. He had to read both letters at least twice over before he was able fully to comprehend their meaning. When he at last succeeded, he sat for some time longer without being able to realise his position. Not that he was in doubt—it was clear that gratitude, duty, honour, all summoned him to fulfil his engagement to Grace Owen. Had she not bestowed herself on him when no marriage appeared too brilliant for her, and when he was scarcely able to find daily bread? Had it not been through her father's kindness that no obstacles had been thrown in his way, save those which were obviously necessary? Had it not been at her father's expense that he had been enabled to acquire the position he held already

in the world of art and the brilliant prospects that lay before him? More than this, there was no attempt to force him to keep his engagement now that circumstances were altered—he was left free to do what seemed best for himself. And Grace herself, who had waited for him for two long years—had she not a right to look to him for self-sacrificing protection? It would be base to have obtained her love while she was rich and he poor, and as soon as she became almost destitute and he had acquired the means of marrying to throw her aside. As regarded Grace, it was not a question of love at all—the question was simply whether he would or would not act like a gentleman. But Antonia—had he no duty towards her?

He owed her also gratitude. Not all the wealth of Richard Owen, told a thousand times, not all the skill and experience of Tibald, could have done for Edward Maurice what the sympathy and enthusiasm of the Italian had accomplished. He felt that although to Owen he owed his education, it was to Antonia that he owed his success. It would be like robbing her to lay his laurels at the feet of another. It was Antonia, not Grace, who had encouraged him, who had consoled him, who had gone through all his labours with him step by step; it was she who had toiled with him—it was she who should share that toil's reward. She, too, had claims upon his duty and his honour—she who had bestowed herself upon him freely and fully, and had given up to him that life which, once lost, is lost for ever. Was she, so intensely capable of suffering, to be tossed aside for no fault of her own—her magnificent nature, with all its wealth of love and passion, to be checked and poisoned? She would suffer far more than Grace. Besides, he loved her and she him—their souls were married already. With regard to her, it was scarcely even a question of acting as a gentleman—it was, rather, whether he was capable of acting the part of a brave and honest man. After all, Grace claimed what he had not to give—his love. Marriage with her could only lead to misery in the long run, and the immediate effect upon Antonia would be terrible indeed. On the other hand, to be despised by Grace as a mere fortune-seeker, as a man without the most ordinary notions of honour, to be utterly degraded in the opinion of all his friends, to be contemptible even to himself—could he bear this? Death would be better.

So he sat and thought till morning came. He then threw himself on his bed and fell into a heavy sleep, which lasted far into the

day. When he woke his resolution was formed.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE next day Maurice left the following note at the Hôtel de Pologne, directed to Mr. Owen, with orders that it should be delivered as soon as possible:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I need not say how deeply I sympathise with you in your misfortunes. But I do say that nothing that has happened, or can happen, will make the smallest difference to me with regard to Grace. I could almost be selfish enough to be glad that now there can be no suspicion as to my motives in claiming her hand, and it shall be the pride and aim of my life to protect her and endeavour to make her happy, and to act towards yourself as a good son.

"I will write no more now, as you will see me as, soon as I hear that you are arrived. Till then, I shall call at the hotel daily to make inquiries.

"With my kindest love to Grace, and with all possible respect and gratitude towards yourself, believe me to be, my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

"EDWARD MAURICE."

He did not call on Antonia that day. With her now lay the most difficult part of the business—the part that would make them both miserable, perhaps for both their lives. He ought not to be accused of weakness for dreading the interview. He would have been a strong-minded man indeed if he could have looked forward with calmness to a meeting which must end in despair. The next day he did call, but found her out—perhaps, unconsciously to himself, he fixed on an hour when she would probably be absent. He left, however, a pencil note on her table.

"DEAREST ANTONIA,—Will you take care to be in, this evening? I tried to see you to-day, but failed. What I have to say is most important—most unhappy for both of us. I shall have to ask your forgiveness for having kept a secret from you that must alter our lives for ever. It is impossible to explain myself farther in writing. You will hate me for ever, I know—and your forgiveness is too much to ask—and I shall not ask for it. I shall hate myself—but, whatever happens, you must not think that I cease to love you, or that I have wilfully deceived you.  
E.M."

In the evening he went to her lodgings.

On the way he more than half repented of the step which he had taken, and which he had now rendered irrevocable. His conscience was ill at ease, although he had taken the course that reason told him was right. "Perhaps she has not returned," hope whispered to him—"perhaps I may yet find the note unopened on the table." What he might be inclined to do in such a case he dared not confess to himself. But then there was, in any case, that other letter at the hotel which it was probably too late to recall.

He reached Antonia's lodgings at last, and, with a sick and heavy heart, knocked at the door, and soon heard a quick light step hasten to open to him. He grew faint, and the walls seemed to swim round him. Then he was conscious of a soft warm hand holding his own, and of a gentle arm supporting him to a seat, on which he fainted away. The struggle through which he had passed had, like physical pain when too great to be borne, found relief at last in temporary death. When he came to himself, Antonia was kneeling by his side, and bathing his temples with her handkerchief.

As soon as he had passed through the agony caused by a return to life and memory, he looked into her eyes; but he read in them nothing more than solicitude for himself.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "But do not move—lie still—I will open the window and let in the air. There—are you not better?" She spoke anxiously, and looked alarmed, but there was nothing farther to be learned from her manner.

"I am all right again now," said Maurice, sitting up. "It was only a fainting fit. I do wonder what could have made me so absurd. I am certainly not used to that sort of thing."

"But are you quite well again? Well, sit there quietly, and let me give you some wine."

"I think that will be the best medicine for me," he said, attempting to smile.

She brought him the wine, and he drank a glass of it. Then, drawing her towards him, and taking her hand, he said, nerving himself as well as he could for the purpose of the interview, but speaking calmly—

"You have read my note, Antonia?" he said.

"What note?" she asked.

"The note I left here to-day."

"I received none."

Maurice glanced quickly towards the table. It was not there. A desperate feeling of hope rose within him.

"I left a note in pencil upon your table

when I called this morning, asking you to be at home in the evening."

"Ah! I wondered that I had not heard from you. Perhaps it is there now." She went to the table and looked all about it, but in vain, and then returned to his side.

"The note seems to have prepared a surprise for me, it seems," she said, "for it is certainly gone."

"Look once more, Antonia — look round the room." He could not help speaking excitedly and as though much depended on the result.

"Why, how anxious you are about it!" she said, laughing. "Cannot you tell me yourself what it says? No, it is nowhere." She came back to him again.

The interview had now become more difficult than ever. How could he possibly enter upon it? But he meant to go through with it nevertheless, and he sat in silence. Antonia thought he was still faint, and made him rest his head upon her shoulder.

"Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, "I have it! I took up a slip of paper, just folded up, which I saw on the table. There was no direction, was there?"

"Yes, I directed it in pencil. Well?"

"Well, it was dark when I came in, and I suppose I mistook it for some memoranda of my own that I thought were on the table, and used it to light the lamp." She felt in her pocket. "See, here is the piece of paper for which I mistook it. It was very careless of me, but you know how untidy I am," she said, smiling; "and it serves you right for writing to me on such shabby scraps of paper."

Was, then, some unseen power fighting on their behalf? Surely there was more than mere chance in this; it was at once an omen and a move in his favour. What could he do but yield, and surrender for the present his own will, which had been rendered so powerless? After all, a hundred accidents might happen. It would be mad and cruel to throw away the uncertainties in his favour that the future might have in store. If he broke with Antonia now, and if anything happened afterwards to break off his engagement with Grace, he would have made himself and the former miserable for nothing. He would subdue his own will, but he could not be expected to counteract the aid of circumstances. So he drew her still closer to him, and talked of anything but of that which he had come to say.

The next morning he inquired again at the Hôtel de Pologne, but without result. The next day passed in like manner, and the next, until Maurice began to feel half anxious, half relieved. Meanwhile he saw

Antonia as usual, and still the friendly powers seemed fighting for him. He did not, however, withdraw the letter, having made up his mind to do nothing, but to be guided by circumstances. At last so long a time passed that he thought of writing to Paris to make inquiries. On going to the hotel, however, he was told that a letter had been received from the landlord of the Hotel — at Erfurt announcing the arrival of a young English lady. The name, however, as it was written, was not necessarily Owen. Still, this made him determine to wait a day longer. The next morning he was informed that a Miss Owen had arrived the evening before, but unaccompanied. She had, however, asked for letters, and had taken possession of that which Maurice had left. He immediately sent up his card, and in a few minutes found himself in the presence of Grace herself.

She was very pale and worn, and looked very ill. But her fair calm beauty was of that order that cannot be destroyed, scarcely even by old age itself; for it depended upon faultless features, a faultless figure, the grace which springs from refinement, and the expression which comes only from goodness and purity. She was rather tall, and, in the stateliness and dignity of her sorrow, looked like an empress dethroned. She was the beautiful Grace Owen still.

She held out her hand when she saw Maurice. He took it in both his own, and kissed it. When he looked into her face he saw that she was weeping. He led her to a seat, and sat down beside her, with her hand in his.

For some time it was impossible that either should speak. What was lying at the heart of each was far too deep to find expression.

"Dearest Grace," said Maurice at last, "what would I not have done to have been with you during that long journey! — I cannot bear to think of your having been all alone."

"My poor father!" she sobbed. Then, after the manner of strong natures, when, after all the agony of compulsory self-support in solitude, they at last meet with a heart on which to lean securely, she gave way in proportion to the strength of her courage.

Her father, it appeared, had died suddenly at Erfurt of disease of the heart. She had remained there till after he was buried, and had then come on to Dresden. It was the only course left open to her. Maurice remained with her nearly the whole of the day, but left her in the evening, promising to return on the morrow. Both needed

to be alone after their meeting. She had not made any allusion to his letter to her father, but he knew that she trusted him as much as he trusted her. If he himself alone were concerned, he would honestly have tried to thrust the image of Antonia from his heart, and endeavoured to live down his love; but then he was not concerned alone.

Work came to be rather at a standstill. While he had been happy in Antonia's friendship, Maurice had always painted in solitude. Now, however, since his mind had lost its ease, he could not work when alone; and when he did exert himself, it was in a feverish and nervous fashion. Antonia herself had become alarmed about him since his fainting fit. His restlessness, his loss of appetite, his worn and wearied expression, his fits of silence,—all told either of an over-worked brain or some great anxiety. The latter, she thought, was impossible. Would he not have confided in her? But the former seemed probable in the extreme, and she did all she could to induce him to take some rest. Tibald also noticed his state, and told him in his plain spoken way, that he was becoming a worse painter even than he was when he first came to Dresden. But Maurice persisted in declaring that nothing ailed him, and resented anything like blame being thrown upon his work, which was in itself a strange symptom in him, who had always been used to court the freest criticism; and though Antonia might easily have persuaded him to leave Dresden for a time, he could not do so on account of Grace. She proposed to him many tours and excursions of which he had often talked with interest, reminding him how efficacious her advice had proved on a former occasion, but all to no purpose. To all about him he seemed to be in the first stage of a nervous illness produced by over-application to work, and many were already shaking their heads over the fate of the young artist, whose career had begun so brilliantly, only to end so soon. Antonia devoted herself to him as far as was possible, and did all she could think of to divert his thoughts.

When he was with Grace, however, his nervousness gave way to a strange, dull calmness. There was no want of attention to her, and no apparent loss of affection, but he acted towards her with a careful and minute attention to details rather than with the eager zeal of a lover, which sometimes overreaches its mark. Grace, however, trusted him implicitly, and, in fact, she could have found no real cause for complaint. If she perceived any change in him, she laid it to the effect of the two

years' absence, and, when she saw that those two years seemed to have rendered him grave and worn, she had sufficient womanly vanity not to be doubtful as to the cause, and sufficient womanly cruelty not to be very sorry.

Then came long discussions as to plans. Of course no immediate marriage was possible, but still their marriage ought to take place as soon as they could possibly afford it—as soon as Maurice should have received the first instalment of the pay for the public work on which he was engaged. Thus they would be obliged to wait some months. Meanwhile Grace went to live in a boarding-house, and was to spend her time in studying music professionally, for it would be necessary for the wife as well as the husband to work for their living for a long time to come.

Grace's musical ambition, however, was not a lofty one. She had a pure, light soprano voice of good quality, though with little power, which might, as she possessed talent and good musical instinct, enable her to become a good performer where there was not much space to be filled. Thus, with her skill as a pianist, which was already above the amateur standard, she would in time be able to take engagements as a teacher of music and as a concert singer. She was not well fitted for the stage by nature, even if her character, the associations of her life, and her own inclinations, had given her the least tendency in that direction, as was far from being the case.

With her present views, therefore, she became a pupil of the same eminent musician by whom Antonia had been trained. The latter had now become a most accomplished singer, and great things were expected of her on the lyric stage. She carefully avoided taking public engagements until she should make her regular *début*, and her voice was known to those beyond her own very small circle only as the leading soprano in the choir of the Court Church. This engagement was of very great service to her, as she received by that means that thoroughness and precision of knowledge which a practical acquaintance with the best ecclesiastical music alone can afford.

Miss Owen and Mademoiselle Salvi did not become more than the merest and most distant of acquaintances. Grace lived the most retired of lives, and her only opportunity of meeting Antonia was when they met by chance at the house of the Professor. She did not even hear Antonia's voice more than once or twice, for Grace was a good Protestant, and did not feel quite

at her ease in attending Catholic services when she ought to be taking part in her own. She was a little shy and proud also among people she did not know, and was unable to fall at once into the ways of the artist-world. When she did happen to meet Antonia, the manner of the latter, made up as it was of extreme self-possession and impulsiveness, with no pretence at concealment of whatever thought or feeling was uppermost, rather offended her ideas of good taste and good breeding; while Antonia, on the other hand, while she admired the fair, calm beauty of Grace, and even felt, as women will, an undue consciousness of her own social inferiority, thought her cold and proud, and had, moreover, no great respect for her as an artist. Antonia, too, led a very retired life, and knew, and wished to know, no one intimately but Edward Maurice.

The latter became by degrees to a certain extent used to the situation. He did not conceal from Grace the fact of his acquaintance with Antonia, nor from Antonia that of his intimacy with Grace. Circumstances seemed to have shown him a mode of settling matters by which he alone would be the sufferer. It was not to be supposed that Antonia would remain in Dresden long after her *début*. She was already in treaty with the Director of the opera at Vienna, and, if her first appearance at Dresden succeeded, she was pretty sure of being regularly engaged by him. Once embarked on the open voyage to fame, it was not likely that she and Maurice would see much of each other for some time, and the blow, when it fell, would be rendered slight, and, perhaps, altogether harmless. Art must at last, in a nature like hers, he thought, supply the place of love. No man or woman with brains can depend upon a mere simple passion for all interest in life. It was only the sudden and immediate blow that was to be avoided, and, after all, he should punish himself more than her. So he tried to reason himself out of his difficulty: but he knew neither his own heart nor hers.

## CHAPTER X.

"EDWARD," said Grace one morning, "I want your advice. You know that the opera begins in a day or two. Well, I had a call to-day from Signor —."

"What! does he want to engage you?"

"His offer was not a very complimentary one. It seems that it depends upon circumstances whether they open with 'Lucrezia' or with 'Norma.' If with 'Lucrezia,'

it seems everything will go smoothly, but if not, they will want an Adalgisa."

"Haven't they got Louise Schöning?"

"It seems she is very ill."

"Then what is it they want you to do?"

"To learn the part of Adalgisa on the chance. The Director went in great distress to the Herr Professor, and he sent him on to me."

"Well, it seems to me a cool request. I should refuse."

"Well, I don't know. The Professor sent me a note advising me to accept, and making it rather a personal matter, and I mustn't disoblige him. To tell you the truth, I rather want to see what I can do."

"But you may not be wanted, after all."

"That, perhaps, is what tempts me."

"Let me see the note."

"MY DEAR PUPIL, — The Herr Director of the theatre, Signor —, has called on me in great anxiety. He will himself explain the cause. I should strongly advise you to accept his offer, as I think you will find it a useful introduction to him, and if he finds you willing to oblige him, he will be able to do a great deal for you. Besides, it will be a good thing for you now to learn some music with a view to public performance, as you tell me that you must enter on your profession as soon as possible. If you intended yourself regularly for the stage, I should have advised you to decline the offer. But, as this is not so, you will, should you have to appear at all, find it a great advantage hereafter to have appeared in a theatre. I have also, I admit, selfish motives in urging my advice. You know how important it is that the Norma should be well supported in the duet, and as you also know that the Norma of the occasion is my own pupil, you can understand how exceedingly vexed I should be if anything went wrong. It might be fatal to her to fail at her *début*. Now, as you are at present the only one among my pupils whom I can thoroughly trust, you will confer a great kindness on me, as well as a benefit on yourself, by consenting. If you wish, I will talk to you about it, and I will take care myself that the engagement shall be profitable to you in every sense."

"I think I should advise you to take a name for the occasion."

"Hoping, my dear pupil, that you will accept Signor —'s offer, for the sake of all of us, I am your most sincere friend."

" — — — — —"

Maurice bit his lip. "I don't much like



it," he said. The chance of Antonia and Grace singing together in 'Norma' was by no means pleasant to him. "But I suppose you must accept after that letter." This meant—"But Antonia must run no risk of failure."

"No—I don't see how I can help it."

"The Professor is complimentary to you after all. But are you as certain of yourself as he is of you?"

"I confess I am afraid. But I will go and see him, however."

She went out immediately, and Maurice, having seen her to the Professor's door, called on Antonia. He found her in good spirits, but not, as usual, at the piano. She was writing a letter.

"Why, what is this, Antonia?" he said. "I do not think I ever saw you letter-writing before."

"It is to my uncle at Leipzig. He must be here to see me come out."

"So it seems there is some doubt of their opening with 'Lucrezia'?"

"Is it not annoying?"

"But what is the difficulty?"

"It all depends upon whether la Waldmann—the contralto, you know—comes from Berlin in time. She is very uncertain, they say, and is always playing tricks."

"I shall be very sorry if you have to make your *début* in 'Norma.'"

"So shall I. I detest the opera."

"We must hope that la Waldmann will be good, then. But it seems there has been a misfortune about 'Norma'—Louise Schöning is very ill."

"My God! Why, there is no one else with whom I could sing. Who is there? Surely they are not going to put in the Varini? She would make me ridiculous."

"You will be surprised—they are negotiating with Miss Owen."

"What! Why, she has never sung on the stage. Varini would be better."

Maurice smiled. "Why, you talk like a *prima donna* of twenty years' standing."

She laughed also. "I am different from Mademoiselle Owen," she said. "I shall be nervous, of course, but nervousness like mine rather helps one. But suppose she broke down—or forgot her part—or—there might be a hundred accidents with her."

"I think not," said Maurice, gravely. There had been a bitterness in Antonia's tone in speaking of Grace which he did not like.

"And she is so cold and so proud," Antonia went on—"she will chill me, and not try to help me at all. Poor Louise! She had no ideas in her head, that is true; but

then ideas are not wanted in the part, and she was so warm-hearted and so set upon my succeeding."

"Miss Owen will do her best for you, I am sure," said Maurice.

"The fact is, I don't like Miss Owen." She looked at Maurice, and saw that he was vexed. "Oh, forgive me," she said. "I always forget she is a countrywoman and friend of yours. Perhaps that is why I don't like her," she added, laughing, "so you ought not to be angry."

"I shall never be angry with you, Antonia."

"Well—why not? Well, then, I suppose I must do what I can with my sister-*débütante*. But does she know the music at all? We must practice together, and there is not much time now."

Chance seemed to have deserted Edward Maurice at last. He had, strange to say, forgotten how the engagement of Grace would bring her and Antonia together for some days. But it could not be helped now.

"I will go to the Professor at once," said Antonia. "Perhaps I may find the new Adalgisa there, and we can arrange matters together. Oh, how I hope that la Waldmann will come! Do you know any one who knows her?"

"No one who would have the least influence over her movements. They say that those depend entirely upon her poodle."

"Well, I must trust in fortune and the poodle, then. For I certainly don't trust in Mademoiselle Owen, although she is your friend. Come—will you walk with me?"

"I will see you to the door, and will then leave you to settle by yourselves."

On leaving Antonia at the Professor's door, he found another surprise. The day seemed crowded with them. But, this time, the surprise was pleasant. He met his friend Frank Lawson.

"Why, Frank, what in the name of all that is wonderful brings you to Dresden? I am delighted to see you, though."

"So we meet at last! After how long?"

"Nearly three years, I should say. But I should have known you anywhere. But what brings you?"

"*Ennui*. I have given up my idea of staying for ever in Rome, and have taken to vagabondage. I have been at Venice and Vienna and Munich. Of course, therefore, I could not help coming on here to see what you are doing. But I forget. Am I to congratulate you? Ought I to ask after Mademoiselle Owen or Madame Maurice?"

"Grace is still Miss Owen."

"You seem to take matters very slowly."

But then, I suppose, you have become more than half German by this time."

Maurice told him of the death of Grace's father, and her present plans. "And now you must come and dine with me," he said. "How strange it seems to find you in Dresden! Have you been here long?"

"Two hours. I am at the Hôtel de Pologne."

"Well, I suppose you are not off in a hurry? Anyway, I can put you up at my place."

"Why, we shall have Newman Street again, *à la mode allemande*. By all means. No, I am not off for a day or two. Do you know, I am intrusted with a mission of public importance?"

"I should not have guessed it, certainly."

"Well, it is a long story. When I was in Florence I got to know, rather intimately, the director of the opera at Vienna—he was in the same hotel, and was a very good fellow. I called on him when I went to Vienna the other day, and told him I was bound for Dresden, so he asked me to go to the theatre on the first opera night and notice a certain singer whose name is unknown to fame—I have written it down, but I think it is Salvi—and see whether she was a success as far as applause went, and all that sort of thing. He said he didn't want any of my criticism—complimentary, was it not?—but only facts, and asked me to send him the latter at once."

Here was another chance in Maurice's favor. It would be strange if he could not get his friend to send a good account of Antonia to Vienna. "She will do," he said. "Do you remember some far back letters of mine in which I weaved, as you said, a romance out of nothing?"

"What? the invisible nightingale?"

"Yes. That is Mademoiselle Salvi. If I am not mistaken she will turn out the greatest singer in Europe."

"By Jove! then it was a romance after all. Do you still keep up the acquaintance?"

"I know her very well—intimately, in fact. I must introduce you."

"I shall be delighted."

"After dinner we will go and see Grace. She often talks of you."

"I am glad she has not quite forgotten me. It has always been rather on my conscience that I couldn't manage to see them to Dresden, and, now you have told me the story of their journey, I am grieved indeed. However, I suppose she understood the reason."

"I took care that she should."

"How very oddly things come about! Who would ever have thought, less than a

year ago, that I, Frank Lawson, who was never going to leave Italy again, should ever hear the rich Miss Owen, living luxuriously in London, sing a second-rate part in a Dresden theatre?"

"Or that I, the hard-up Edward Maurice, should become richer than Richard Owen himself? But come, I am getting hungry."

The first opera night at the theatre now began to draw very near indeed. It was tolerably certain that the season would open with 'Lucrezia Borgia,' with Antonia as Lucrezia, and a certain celebrated contralto from the opera at Berlin as Maffeo Orsini, and it was so announced officially. But the contralto, being extremely popular, was correspondingly capricious, and the manager kept 'Norma,' in which there is no contralto part, as a reserve in case of disappointment. Grace, although very little expecting to be called upon, studied her part energetically, and was zealously helped both by the Professor and by Antonia, who was too anxious about herself not to take all the pains she could with Grace. It is to be feared, however, that poor Grace did not find her hours of practice and rehearsal very pleasant. She could not overcome her shyness under such unwonted circumstances, and Antonia's almost violent energy and impatient quickness, which made no allowance for the slowness of others, rather frightened her. Antonia was a woman who could never much like or be liked by other women; and, without knowing why, had taken a particular dislike to Grace Owen—a dislike which she was hardly at the pains to hide. There was certainly no room for Maurice's fear that there would be confidences between the two.

At last good news arrived—Mademoiselle Waldmann, the great contralto, was actually in the town. Grace gave up her practice with intense relief, Edward Maurice was delighted, Antonia full of joy. 'Lucrezia Borgia' was put at once into rehearsal.

Now Signor and Signora Salvi returned at last from Leipzig, and embraced their niece with genuine pride and affection, although they had neglected her for so many months. That was their way. They were quite unchanged—they came to Dresden without any luggage except a placid smile and half a cigar. They were glad to see Maurice, but the violinist evidently considered that the good prospects of his niece were entirely owing to himself.

At length the last rehearsal was over, and on the very next day Antonia was to make her first appearance on the stage. It was arranged that she was to be left entirely to

herself, and was to see no one, not even Maurice himself, during the whole day—she herself desired this—and was to be taken to the house in the evening by her aunt. Maurice, Lawson, Grace, and an English lady of their acquaintance, were to occupy a box together, the two former arranging to meet the two ladies at the theatre itself.

There were at least two persons in Dresden who slept badly that night. The sleeplessness of Antonia was caused by natural and healthy excitement, but that of Maurice from a deeper cause. To-morrow night must, in all probability, separate him from Antonia for ever.

Was it even now too late to break with Grace? Was it even now too late to save her from the fate of marrying one who loved her not—himself from treachery to nature, to the woman to whom he owed everything, whom he loved? Was it even now too late to confer happiness upon at least two persons out of three—to save three from misery? With these questions, in one form or another, his brain was racked all night, and ever with the same answer, It is too late!

But morning came at last. Grace went to spend the day with Mrs. Ford. Antonia shut herself up in her room, and would not see or speak to any one, and even took her meals in solitude. Signor Salvi smoked up and down the terrace nearly all day. The Signora ate, drank, slept, and smiled. The Professor taught even his most interesting pupils in rather an absent manner, and took much snuff. Mademoiselle Waldmann held a kind of levee all day at the Hôtel de Pologne. Maurice went to his studio, and Lawson accompanied him, but no work was done there. After dinner they smoked a cigar and went to the theatre.

On entering, the house was full—their own box alone was empty. Neither Mrs. Ford nor Grace were there, though it was late. But the following printed notice was lying on the ledge:—

"In consequence of the sudden, though not serious, indisposition of Mademoiselle Waldmann, Signor Bellini's opera of 'Norma' will be performed this evening instead of that which was announced.

"Pollio,	.	.	Herr SCHWARZ.
Groveso,	.	.	Herr BAUER.
Flavio,	.	.	Fig. LUIGI.
Clotilda,	.	.	Mde. HEGEL.
Adalgisa,	.	.	Mdlle. GRAZIA.
			and
Norma,	.	.	Mdlle. SALVI."

## CHAPTER XI.

LAWSON made a grimace and shrugged his shoulders. Maurice frowned, folded his arms, and leaned resolutely forward. He thought of the story of the opera he was going to hear, and felt as though Fate were amusing itself at his expense, even if he had nothing really to fear.

The overture was soon over, and the curtain rose upon the not very magnificent scenery which represented the sacred grove. Then came the chorus of Druids, which every one who ever heard a barrel organ knows. It was well done, and the voice of Herr Bauer told well; but the audience was cold—the inevitable result of a change of programme—and they missed their favourite, the Waldmann, who could not contrive to lose her popularity in spite of the contemptuous and capricious behaviour towards her admirers for which she was notorious. The familiar notes, therefore, called forth but little applause. The long *scena* between the two tenors which followed the chorus, in which the feeble-minded pro-consul tells his friend the story of his love for Adalgisa and his faithlessness to Norma, was worse received still, for Herr Schwarz was deservedly no favourite. When the *scena* ended, the irritation of the house was so obviously on the increase, that Maurice threw himself back in a state of despair, and Lawson was already making up his mind that he should have to send to Vienna the fatal word, "*Fiasco*." Then the march sounded, and the chief priest, the Druids, and the warriors entered upon the stage in procession, and heralded in chorus the approach of Norma herself.

Antonia Salvi came forward at last, slowly, calmly, serenely. Her loose robes suited well the dignity of her carriage, and she looked every inch the inspired priestess. But she was not the traditional Norma, nevertheless—there was something wild and incomplete about her. All the musical part of Dresden had been anxious to hear her for months, and had made up its mind to welcome her enthusiastically; but the temper of the house had become so bitterly cold, that, though there was a slight attempt to applaud her entrance—an attempt which she barely acknowledged by the slightest of bows—she proceeded to the altar in silence.

For some instants she stood motionless, with her eyes fixed on the ground. Then raising them, and stretching aloft the golden sickle, she began to sing.

That magnificent voice! The coldness

thawed in a moment before its divine secret — the secret of finding the straight road, in spite of every barrier of circumstance, to the very inmost heart of every man at once. Intellect has it not — culture cannot produce it: it is the golden harp, which is bestowed by the hand of nature alone. In less than a minute every one in the house was in sympathy with the singer, and not only with her, but with each other also. From the moment that she opened her lips there was no doubt of her success. Maurice leaned back with a sigh of relief, Lawson leaned forward with an expression of interest.

It was, perhaps, not altogether unfortunate that 'Antonia' had to make her first appearance in an opera like 'Norma.' If the music had belonged to a higher class, the critical German audience would very likely have found her interpretation different from some special standard, and so, after the first enthusiasm, have taken to fault-finding, out of pure revenge for having been carried away; but as it was, there was nothing to distract attention from the singer herself, so that, without having to give up a single prejudice, every one present was able, with a good critical conscience, to yield himself to her sway.

"*Casta Diva*" — or rather Antonia's execution, which was faultless — was applauded rapturously, and she retired from the stage laden with bouquets. It was already a success of enthusiasm.

Then Grace Owen entered. But she was painfully nervous; and the more so as she had been so unexpectedly called upon to take the part, at the last moment, after she had been led to consider herself safe, so that the few bars which she had to sing by herself were scarcely audible. Had she appeared before Antonia's entrance, she would probably have been greeted with something worse than silence; but the *prima donna* had put the house into a good humour, and the youth and beauty of Grace gained her even a little applause. This encouraged her; and, in her duet with the unpopular tenor, she acquitted herself better, though her heart did not cease to tremble. Maurice tried to catch her eye, but she was in that state known to all who appear before an audience for the first time, whether as actors or orators — she saw nothing whatever, and heard no sound but that of her own voice — the most fearful sound for a nervous person to hear.

The comparative failure of the duet made Antonia's return to the stage the more welcome. This time her appearance was warmly cheered, and now came the first duet between herself and Grace.

The latter was more nervous now than ever. She felt more than half inclined to follow the example of the Waldmann, and cry off at the last moment, reckless of consequences. But the first words of Antonia's recitative —

"T'inoltra, O giovinetta!

T'inoltra — e perche tremi?"

"Approach, O maiden; why dost thou tremble?" were uttered intentionally in a tone so kind and full of encouragement, that she looked up, and felt drawn to Antonia as she had never felt before. The fascination of triumphant Art was now pervading every spot where Antonia stood. Grace herself felt it, and, forgetting the audience, became conscious only that she was about to sing with Antonia. With such support how could she fear? Then she even let her eyes leave the stage, and saw her friends. So she took courage, and did her best — and her best was very fair indeed.

Then came the trio, which ends the first act, and then — for there was scope for a display of passion in it — Antonia let herself out, and sang and acted with her whole power. Dresden had never heard anything like it before, and the most gentle of composers would have been astonished to find so much in his own music. Her rage, her contempt were almost terrible. When she concluded, all was silent for an instant — and then burst forth a storm of applause such as had not been heard in the house within living memory. Antonia was recalled over and over again to be applauded. It was no longer only a great success — it was a triumph.

Maurice and Lawson hastened, when the curtain fell, to the room where the performers were waiting between the acts. Antonia and Grace were both there. Maurice hastily pressed the hand of the former, reflecting in his own face all the joy, the triumph, the love, that shone in hers. He forgot, for the time, the existence of the whole world save that of Antonia and of himself. On recollecting himself he went to the side of Grace, leaving Lawson talking to Antonia. The two latter spoke in Italian.

"What a triumph, Mademoiselle!" said Lawson. "You have gained the first of your ten thousand. It will be my greatest boast all my life that I assisted at the first appearance of the divine Antonia Salvi."

"Ah, it is clear that you have lived in Italy," she said, laughing. "That is the way we Italians talk, but we do not always mean what we say."

"You will soon find, I hope, that my ad-

miration is sincere. Honestly, I cannot say too much."

"Signor, I am proud to have your approval. I wish I could have asked for it in some better part."

"You prevented my thinking of the part, Mademoiselle."

"You are a great friend of Signor Maurice, are you not?"

"Most intimate. We lived together for some years before he came to Dresden."

"So I have heard. He has often spoken of you. Do you know Mademoiselle Owen, also?"

"Very well, and like her better than I know her. She didn't do so badly to-night. I was afraid she would be more nervous."

"No; she did very well indeed, and she is a beautiful girl. She would look a better Norma than any of us, I think—I am quite jealous of being eclipsed by Adalgisa—that is against all rule," she added, with a laugh.

"You are doing yourself the grossest injustice, Mademoiselle—you are eclipsed by none. But you are right in one thing—she is very beautiful."

"I believe she is very amiable also; but I have not seen much of her."

"She is very amiable."

"She and Signor Maurice are very old acquaintances, it seems."

"They did not know each other very long before their engagement, but that has been rather a long one—more than three years. However, I suppose we shall soon be asked to the wedding now."

Antonia's face was one that by its changes of expression betrayed the slightest and most transient emotion; but now, the smile did not even leave her lips—she did not show by the quivering of a nerve that the life of her life was destroyed.

"I suppose so," she answered, calmly. She looked at Grace and Maurice, who were speaking together, and read in the honest grey eyes of the former full confirmation of Lawson's words.

"Their story was quite romantic," continued Lawson. He then told her the history of their engagement.

Maurice came up just as he finished. "Come, Frank," he said, "we must get back to our box unless we want to miss Mademoiselle Salvi's next scene. Antonia," he whispered to her, "I shall see you again this evening."

She bent her head, but did not answer, and he and Lawson went back to their places in the theatre.

The curtain rose again for the second

act, on the scene where Norma is about to murder her sleeping children. There was a settled, hard energy about her delivery of the passage, which was almost unpleasant—her voice seemed, in its over-intensity, to have lost half its music, and there was apparent effort. In reality she sang mechanically, and as if asleep. Still, however, the peculiarity of her style was not inappropriate to the situation.

When, however, Grace entered, no longer nervous, but filled with courage drawn from the approving words of Maurice, to join her in the great duet, the hard dream passed away. The strange similarity of her own position to that of the deserted priestess came with a cold, piercing rush of reality into her soul. All her vehement nature, like a dying flame, flared up in an unnatural glow. There, not on the stage, but in the box before her, was the faithless foreigner who had amused himself with her and deceived her—her, who now recognised herself and her genius, who was conscious at last of her own greatness,—conscious, although her consciousness meant not pride, but despair—and there, smiling beside her, she stood who had really held his heart—a true Adalgisa, pretty and tame and weak—fit consort for such a lover. She scorned them both. Now the world should know her, and Maurice should know her too, even as she knew herself. In a whirl of emotions, strained to their utmost and uniting in a single turning-point in her bursting heart—in a storm of love, hate, jealousy, and despair—she hurried through the few bars of recitative, and then, with an almost superhuman effort, she threw all that storm, all herself, into the air. Rapidly, energetically, recklessly,—almost desperately, she poured forth the notes with the whole power of her voice in a style of which the composer had certainly never dreamed. Grace found it impossible to follow her. It was no longer a duet. Still, the effect was grand in the extreme. Her voice rang out clearly almost like a grand burst of desperate triumph—it was no longer a song of tender, womanly sentiment, it had no reference to the words of the librettist, none to the idea of the composer—it was the real agony of living human nature rebelling against the feeble fetters of conventional art—a war of passion and destiny. It was all hopelessly, utterly wrong, but there was no help for it—the applause must come. And again it did come, in a storm of cheering and a torrent of flowers. In the midst of it all stood Antonia, deaf and



blind. A sharp spasm came over her face — she placed her hand to her left side, and fell on the stage.

Grace sprang to her side with a scream, and she was at once carried to the dressing-room. Maurice and Lawson followed, and found her lying on a sofa surrounded by many persons — the Director of the theatre, the Professor, her uncle and aunt — all, in short, who could find room. A surgeon, who had been among the audience, was passing his hand over her heart. Her wreath of oak leaves had fallen off, and her long black hair floated down to the ground. Her hands were tightly clenched,

and her face still wore an expression of pain. All were silent.

Maurice fell on his knees by her side, and, grasping one of her heavy, passive hands, recklessly poured forth all the passionate expression of such intense love as can only be inspired by such women as she. Grace, who stood by, terrified and faint — all who stood around — were invisible to him; he saw only her whom he loved with all his soul.

But his words were too late. Antonia was dead, and Grace Owen's engagement at an end for ever.

**DIVERS.**—Of the various works in which such men are employed it would be impossible to furnish anything like a complete list. The recovery of wrecks forms, or did form, their principal occupation, while by the application of a principle of filling the holds of ships with india-rubber air-bags, afterwards inflated upon calculations founded on those made by Sinclair, the mathematician of Edinburgh, in 1688, and contained in his 'Proposal for Buoying up a Ship of any Burden from the Bottom of the Sea,' they are able actually to raise vessels bodily from the deep. The operations upon the *Royal George*, whose wreck had for more than half a century impeded the navigation of Portsmouth Harbour, and from which the guns, &c., were recovered, the vessel being blown up, and the pieces removed by the divers employed for some years, are among the chief victories of the diving art in its modern development. The immense amount of money recovered from the *Royal Charter* by their means has also evidenced their usefulness. Even after all hope of further salvage had been abandoned, a diver, upon his own venture, recovered in a short time some £300 or £400 from the *Royal Charter* wreck. Of the success of divers in repairing the bottoms of ships we had an instance at the siege of Sebastopol, when the *Agamemnon* was struck below the water-line, and would have had to be docked at Malta but that a diver went down and repaired the injury in such a manner that the ship again went into action. The blasting and removing of rocks and other impedimenta form also an important part of diving work. The rocks are blasted by means of charges of gunpowder placed upon them in canisters, which are connected with a voltaic battery worked from the barge or base of operations. The proceedings of Mr. Hicks at Menai Straits, before referred to, are examples of what may be done in this manner; while the deep entrances to the Birkenhead North Docks and the works in Portpatrick Harbour form a striking testimony to the great importance and success of such operations. In the construction of bridges — notably those of West-

minster and the works proceeding at Blackfriars — the assistance of divers has been found absolutely necessary; and equally so in the cognate works upon piers, docks, dock-gates, harbours, &c."

Cornhill Magazine.

*Cameos from English History, from Rollo to Edward II.* By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." (Macmillan & Co.)

THE title "Cameos from English History" is a little fantastic; but it is explained as meaning a series of detached narratives, like gems in full relief, which, by isolating the great events of our history from the less important connecting links, seeks to give greater prominence and force to the main results. The book is intended for young people, yet for those who have got beyond the extremely elementary histories that are written for children. "The endeavour," according to the author, "has not been to chronicle facts, but to put together a series of pictures of persons and events, so as to arrest the attention, and give some individuality and distinctness to the recollection, by gathering together details at the most memorable moments." How historical pictures are to be prepared without chronicling facts we must confess we do not understand, unless on the supposition that history has nothing to do with facts. Accordingly we find that the little book before us *does* "chronicle facts," and in a very vivid and picturesque manner. It contains a large amount of information in a concentrated form, and so skillfully and well is the adventurous, personal, and dramatic element brought out that any boy of intelligence will find these narratives as fascinating as the most exciting fiction ever penned. The work seems to have been carefully and conscientiously done, and we shall be glad to see the second volume, comprising the wars in France and those of the Roses, which the author promises us.

London Review.

From The London Review.

## A NATURALIST'S RAMBLES.\*

THE present volume hits the happy medium between the professedly popular book of science—which is ordinarily a mere mass of slovenly generalities—and the too esoteric scientific treatise. Being the record of a long excursion into rarely visited parts, by a man of experience, knowledge, and minute observation, it will be read with pleasure both by those who are, and those who are not, specially acquainted with the various scenes in which Dr. Collingwood is proficient. Of China and the Chinese shores we English know very little. We have plentiful descriptions of the various settlements established by our countrymen along the coast; and now and then we have some pictorial narrative of the inland progress of an embassy. It is only at considerable intervals that we meet with a book containing the observations, noted down with scientific accuracy, of a competent man. Such a work is the one before us; and the chief fault we have to find with it is that Dr. Collingwood does not fully take advantage of the opportunities he had. His descriptions, whether of scenery or of living natural objects, want graphic power and amplification; while there are innumerable passages of unnecessary detail which might with propriety have been omitted. He does not consider it his sole business to deal with the scientific experiences of his journey. He gives us the impressions likely to be produced upon an ordinary traveller, and he describes whatever is likely to interest the ordinary reader. Why, therefore, should we have the Manila tobacco-manufactories, for instance, dismissed with a few lines, which convey to us no picture either of the place or people? Here, however, is a fuller account of a Chinese theatre and its performances, about which we hear so much:—

“There were two of these *sing-songs*, or open-air Chinese theatres, which were centres of general attraction, placed, however, almost side by side, so that the proceedings of one thrust themselves upon the spectators of the other, and somewhat marred the effect of both. They were good types of Chinese theatricals, and consisted of spacious stages, open in front, and erected above the level of the heads of the spectators, with *attap* coverings for the benefit of the performers, but nothing of the kind for the lookers-on, who either stood sweltering in the sun, or, if they preferred it, took shelter under the verandahs of the shops on the other side of

the road. At the back of the stage, in the centre, was placed a table, behind which were the musicians, some hammering upon tom-toms of various sizes, which gave out a more or less resonant sound, others playing upon the fife, and producing sounds which might readily be mistaken for bag-pipes. Besides this there were three embroidered mats hanging down behind the stage, and these together constituted the scenery, properties, orchestra, and all equipments which their Thespian simplicity required. At the back of the stage a door on either side served as an entrance and exit for the actors, who always came in at the left hand and retired at the right. The play appeared to be a burlesque, and the actors used the burlesque movements of the low comedians on our stage, only more coarse, clownish, and exaggerated. They were men and women in this case, though more commonly the women's parts are performed by men, in female costume. The men were dressed in the highly embroidered robes and painted grotesque masks which are familiar to every one who has turned over rice-paper picture-books; and the women spoke in a high falsetto voice, quite different from the female treble. They came in by the left door in small parties, flourished about, and shouted, passing slowly in front of the stage, and then disappeared on the right side, and were succeeded by another party, the same party again re-appearing after a short interval. There seemed to be no termination to the story, nor any limits to the endurance of the actors or spectators; for the latter kept up a constant crowd in front of the stage, behaving, however, with great decorum and even gravity, and showing little inclination to laugh at the antics of the players; and I could only judge of the actors' endurance, from the fact that the accompanying noise of tom-toms and fife ceased not day or night all the time we were within hearing.”

To the Englishman who is fond of his gun—or perhaps we should say to the Cockney who revels in the slaughter of sea-gulls and of pigeons at a shilling apiece—there must be something very fascinating in the description of some of these little-visited islands in the China sea, where large birds may be knocked down with a stick. Pratas, for instance, is a little island about a mile and a half long, lying in mid-ocean between Hainan and Formosa. Here Dr. Collingwood landed; and very interesting are his descriptions of the fauna of the place:—

“The dominant and characteristic bird of Pratas Island,” he says, “is the Gannet (*Sula alba*). These birds measure 4 ft. 10 in. from tip of wing, and 2 ft. 9 in. total length from beak to tail, which is wedge-shaped. The head, neck, back, and tail are fuscous, breast and belly white, legs and feet yellow, and completely webbed. . . . A walk through the interior of the island among the trees and bushes revealed

\* Rambles of a Naturalist on the Shores and Waters of the China Sea. By Cuthbert Collingwood, M.A., M.B., Esq., F.L.S., &c. London: John Murray.

to me the domestic economy of these birds. In the open places, and under the shelter of the bushes, the mother gannets were sitting upon their nests and eggs. The nests were mere hollows in the coral sand, strewn with a few bits of grass, with some admixture of feathers, and perhaps a piece of seaweed, forming, at best, a very rude cradle, in which were deposited two eggs. These eggs were about the size of goose eggs, white, with a suspicion of a blue tinge, not smooth and glossy like hens' eggs, but more or less scratched, as though the scratches were made when the external coat was soft, and had afterwards dried, preserving the marks. One nest alone contained four eggs. The poor bird sitting upon the nest would show symptoms of uneasiness as we approached, pecking the ground or coarse grass fiercely with its long, straight beak, but did not offer to quit the nest until we were within two or three yards of it, or even less. Then placing the end of its bill upon the ground, with a gulping effort it vomited up its meal, depositing it beside the nest, and, floundering forward, took wing and rose into the air. This was the proceeding at nearly every one of the hundreds of nests which we disturbed; it was evident that the birds had just gorged themselves with food, and then sat down upon their eggs (unless, indeed, their mates had brought them food, a circumstance which I did not see myself), and that they were unable to raise themselves off the ground until they had got rid of the superfluous weight in their stomachs. On examining the vomited food, I found it to consist invariably of flying-fish, generally of a large size, and usually but slightly digested. There were sometimes six or seven of these fish, in other instances only three or four, and in two or three cases a squid or two intermixed with them. But what numbers of flying-fish must exist in the neighborhood to afford such a daily supply to so large a number of birds! and yet we did not see a trace of flying-fishes about the island, and might otherwise have supposed there were none. Meanwhile the gannets formed a thick cloud overhead, the noise of whose screams and the rustling of whose wings formed a wild accompaniment of sound. They flew so close overhead that we could have knocked them down with a stick in any numbers, and I was obliged to wave my gun about as I walked along, in order to keep them from carrying away my hat. By degrees the birds rose higher, and those we had disturbed returned to their nests as soon as we had passed a few yards beyond."

But the pleasure of watching the habits of a well-known animal under new circumstances is nothing to the delight of discovering a new creature. This is a piece of good fortune which not every naturalist enjoys in his life; and the chances against his doing so are, of course, yearly increasing. Especially in botanical investigations we find learned men so anxious to claim the honour of having discovered a new species

or variety that the most infinitesimal departure from the recognised character of the plant is held to be justification for the invention of a name and a learned description. This downward and analytic progress is the natural course of science in its infancy, and most of our sciences are in their infancy. The synthesis of science, the philosophy of the future, is as yet far off; our present business can scarcely extend beyond investigating and cataloguing facts. Dr. Collingwood has not toiled in vain. He has added many facts to the common store; and among the most curious of these is his discovery of a new genus of crab, which Mr. Spence Bate has named *Sphaerapæia*, the particular species described being called, in compliment to its discoverer, *S. Collingwoodii*. This little creature, which he familiarly calls the pill-making crab, is very curious in its habits. Dr. Collingwood observed that after the tide had gone down, the soft sand of the beach was perforated by a large number of small holes, these being joined together by little radiating paths, between which the sand itself was in minute balls or pellets proportionate to the size of the holes. We shall allow him to describe in his own language the capture of two of these small engineers:—

"On the first approach, a peculiar twinkle on the sand was visible, which required a quick eye to recognise as a simultaneous and rapid retreat of all the little crabs into their holes, not a single one remaining visible. Kneeling down and remaining motionless for a few minutes, I noticed a slight evanescent appearance, like a flash or bursting bubble, which the eye could scarcely follow. This was produced by one or more of the little crabs coming to the surface, and instantly darting down again, alarmed at my proximity. It was only by patiently waiting, like a statue, that I could get them to come out and set to work. They were of various sizes, the most common being that of a largish pea. Coming cautiously to the mouth of the hole, the crab waited to reconnoitre, and if satisfied that no enemy was near, it would venture about its own length distant from the mouth of its hole; then rapidly taking up particles of sand in its claws or chela, it deposited them in a groove beneath the thorax. As it did so a little ball of sand was rapidly projected as though from its mouth, which it seized with one claw and deposited on one side, proceeding in this manner until the smooth beach was covered with these little pellets, or pills, corresponding in size to its own dimensions and powers. It was evidently its mode of extracting particles of food from the sand. I made many attempts to catch one before I could succeed, so swift were they in their movements. Preparing my right hand, and advancing it cautiously, I darted it out as rapidly as I could to secure the crab; but it was

too quick, and had regained its hole. At length, after repeated attempts, I caught two specimens, which immediately curled themselves up and feigned death. I put one of them on the sand to see what it would do. At first it did not attempt to move; but after a short time, by a twisting and wriggling movement, it rapidly sunk into the sand and disappeared."

These quotations may give some indication of the materials of which Dr. Collingwood's book is composed. As we have already hinted, the style of the writing might have been somewhat more graphic and powerful; and many colourless and uninteresting pages might have been left out. In these days, however, the book-maker afflicts us so sorely with meretricious compilations of statements which may have been correct at the beginning of the century, but which are now known to be false, that we ought to welcome the appearance of a work which is the result of patient, honest, personal study.

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From The London Review.

#### THE PERILS OF HONEST THINKING.

THERE is no virtue more highly valued by society than moderation. Society, indeed, only manages to exist by a series of expedient compromises, and quite naturally and properly questions the authority of any man who endeavours to prove it wholly wrong. There is less evil wrought by this attitude of caution—or even suspicion—than one might imagine. When a man has any real gospel to proclaim, it will survive this test; if his new theory, or hypothesis, or doctrine be valueless, it will succumb. This is the general rule, to which there are many exceptions. \* That no truth can be stifled is a general and comfortable proposition which no one can safely either affirm or deny, for it does not admit of verification; but that truth may be temporarily stifled is a matter of history. Mr. Mill, if we mistake not, has pointed out that the suppression of truth, though it cannot injure the truth, nor remove the chances of its being discovered and preached at some future time, may in the mean time seriously injure the world. While, therefore, society is rightly unwilling to leave, at the sudden direction of one man, the comfortable and medium groove along which it has been running for centuries, it ought not to signify its refusal in unnecessarily strong terms. It is probably on account of the many unsettling opinions which we at present hear advanced on every hand that there is a corresponding

desire evinced, by the orthodox of mankind, to put these opinions under the ban of reprobation. We are so much in danger of becoming heterodox (we do not, of course, refer to religious matters only) that our only notion of safety is to keep shouting lustily that we are quite orthodox. In our easy English fashion we have a liking for well-established opinions which do not interfere with our money-making and our good digestion, and we look upon a man who endeavours to upset these pleasant convictions as an enemy to our personal peace. Why should he do this? we ask. Why should he disturb the kindly processes of living by the introduction of these foreign influences? We look upon him not as a friend, or teacher, or regenerator, but as a provocative, ill-conditioned person. We Ninevites not only disbelieve in the individual Jonah, but in the office of Jonah. We are getting on very well; we want no acceleration of speed, no guidance as to our route. When Jonah comes among us, we first vilify him, and then we try to starve him into silence.

Now, there are few Jonahs; but there are a great many men among us who have much to say that we ought to know, and who are afraid to say it. It is beside the question to reply that the ideal teacher should deliver his message irrespective of consequences. The men of whom we speak are no greater fools than their neighbours; and they know that every duty is bounded by conditions of expediency. There are at present in our midst certain men who have influence, considerable influence, the results of which we could ill afford to lose, and who are perfectly well aware that to utter their most advanced opinions, to express their profoundest convictions, would be the signal for the instant losing of what influence they possess. There is scarcely any topic of human interest on which a man who has anything to say beyond accepted commonplaces dare fully reveal his own mind. In private these subjects may be discussed openly and without reserve; in public society imposes, under threat of perpetual banishment, a conventional restraint. Our excessive English prudery, for example, forbids the discussion of certain social questions of the very highest importance—a prudery of which our descendants will reap the dire results. There are other social questions which, instead of being frankly debated by competent men, in authoritative journals, are left to the clap-trap treatment of lady novelists. It is not very desirable that theories which are likely to influence the education and actions of the next generation should be painted in seductive colours, or



abused in a rough-and-ready manner, by persons who have neither the intellect, the education, nor the common sense to know the ultimate purport of their writing, even had they any care for such a contingency. In religious matters we are no better off. The moment a man is suspected of heterodoxy we refuse to hear him with calmness. Instead, we welcome the vituperative attacks of incompetent judges, who strive to rebut arguments they do not understand by inconsiderate abuse. Is our religious faith so insecure that we can only hide behind hedges and fling stones at our opponents? The attitude of orthodoxy in our day is not a very noble one, simply because the defence of orthodoxy has been intrusted to those who can use the strongest language. Nor is it at all in the interests of truth that its opponents should be met in this fashion. The odium incurred by any man who strives to establish independent inquiry is sufficient to deter the most courageous person from venturing upon so thankless a task. He may study this or that subject in private; but the results of his inquiry are kept to himself, or make their way only by the almost unconscious influence he may exert upon his companions. One has not lived long in London who does not know of many a little coterie of disciples, which has its peculiar tenets and its particular teacher. These people know that to publish any epitome of their belief would only awake rancour. Honest and frank discussion would be advantageous, not only to them, but also to those with whose belief they may happen to differ; but that form of discussion which consists in crying out for a general excommunication of the offenders is an ordeal which no one wishes voluntarily to undergo. Probably these varieties of more or less heretical faith flourish better in this fashion. They go on steadily adding to the number of their adherents, who are the more bound to each other on account of this bond of semi-secrecy and self-devotion. They are the religious Pariahs of England. They are not actively persecuted, but the threat of social persecution always hangs over them. And since the beginning of the world persecution has been the atmosphere in which heresy has best thrived.

But while we deprecate the unjustifiable treatment too often meted out to men whose sole object, instead of being personal advancement or notoriety, is the bettering of society, we would not, on the other hand, advocate the toleration of indifference. As we have already hinted, it is probably owing to the social terrorism hanging over the heads of competent men that we find so fre-

quently new theories propounded by men whose tongues are unbridled because they have nothing in the shape of reputation or influence to lose. Violent regenerators who have wonderful social and religious panaceas are generally begotten of ignorance and imprudence, and it not unfrequently happens that they are taken by ordinary people as the type of the man who has really something valuable to say. Need we wonder that those who have their profoundest and sincerest religious sentiments shocked and wounded by the mad escapades of such men should acquire a prejudice against all innovators? The very extravagance of their proposals, while it destroys the possibility of their achieving any result by their doctrines, destroys the chances of acceptance of what is really true in these doctrines. Against such wild prophets no prejudice can be too strong; but that prejudice should be discriminating, "Contentment," says Mr. Alexander Smith, "like the speedwell, blows along the common beaten way." Contentment is very good; but it is not everything. Men must from time to time leave the beaten way, make new paths for themselves, and thus obey that law of progression which is part of their nature. We only wish to make such tentative experiments under experienced leadership. We do not desire to follow a will-o'-the-wisp. It is a pity, therefore, that almost the only men who dare to propose advancement to us are those whom we can least trust. And until we distinguish these from our real teachers, or experimenters, and accord to the latter impartial hearing and proper attention, we are not likely to have our religious or social status much elevated.

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From The London Review.

#### "LOWDOWNERS."

WE should be sorry to naturalize the word which we have placed at the head of this paper, but it is difficult to find a more expressive or a more appropriate term for the subject to which we are about to refer. In an American magazine (Putnam's), we find an account of a people exhibiting a state of society to which it is instructive to call attention. We are, perhaps, prone at times here, when vexed by some administrative blockheadedness, to wish that we enjoyed what is termed the greater freedom and vivacity of Democratic Government. It is well, therefore, to look occasionally into the conditions of life which now and then spring up in America, and which, cer-



tainly, in the following instance, does not provoke our national jealousy.

A contributor to *Putnam's Magazine*, who was appointed "Bureau Major" over a region in Western South Carolina, in the course of his duties was brought in contact with a caste of the population whom he calls low-down people or Lowdowners. His first applicant for relief was a woman who complained that her husband had cut away from her, although he had "contracted to keep her for ninety-nine years." When asked why she was not regularly married, the lady answered "that the defaulter couldn't marry her because he had a wife." The Major was compelled to say that the case was one in which he had no jurisdiction. We are told that the story is typical of the moral depravity of the Lowdowners. "The war has left so many wives without husbands and so many girls without the chance of marriage. Thirteen thousand men of South Carolina dead in battle or of wounds! . . . The state is swarming with widows and girls who emigrate after the garrisons, and lead a life like that of the 'Wrens of the Curragh.'" The soldiers find it difficult to marry, but easy enough to establish other relations with this redundant female populace. Nor do the women shrink from the protection even of the niggers. When their husbands and relatives were out of the way, they accepted them almost cheerfully. "Infanticide is unknown, because shame is unknown." Drunkenness is not so common, in consequence of the high price of whisky. "If our vagrant friend," writes the Major, "cannot become the humble retainer of a distillery, taking pay in kind for his services, and consuming himself off the face of the earth with rotgut, he generally limits his enjoyments to hog, hominy, and laziness." The women, it must be said for them, are temperate; the Major says he never saw one of them intoxicated. Nothing can equal the improvidence of the "Lowdowners." What they get by begging they spend at once in tobacco, clothing, and provisions, lying down in a slough of idleness until hunger compels them to some exertion or more begging.

It appears numbers of them were dependents on the wealthy planters, and on the abolition of the planters they consider that they have a claim to be fed by the United States. The Major on "draw-day" was besieged with petitioners for alms, who came to take them as if they were bank dividends. They all want the land. They want the forfeited estates given up to them, although they have no definite ideas whatever of proceeding to cultivate farms. If

they got fifty acres each for nothing, the Major thinks that in twenty years the moneyed and frugal classes would purchase it back from them, and the last state of the Lowdowners would be worse than the first.

All the ladies smoke: young and old smoke tobacco. Two, a mother and daughter, who called on the Major, asked him for his pipe during the course of conversation. The brothers of the girl and her father had been Lowdowners, and were either killed in the war or executed as deserters. They were as good for nothing as the women. The Major is surprised that suicide is not more common amongst Lowdowners, but gives the proper reason when he states that they possess so degraded an ideal of existence that they are exposed to "no harrowing disappointment over its failures." They are not troubled with either religion or superstition. They are too gross even to believe in ghosts. The fighting is worse than even in the worst parts of London. The women claw and tear each other on the slightest provocation. A story is told of one "Johnny O'Neil," who stole a negro girl from his neighbours, which would lose its force completely on being translated from the language of the Major. Mr. O'Neil is graphically touched off as "one of the reddest of Irishmen, with shining corkscrew ringlets of red hair, sharp features, and snapping green eyes; lean, leathery, crouching, and springy, he so danced about my office in the excitement of telling his story that it seemed as if he might at any moment run up the wall like a lizard or spider." Mr. O'Neil and his neighbours whacked and beat each other in a promiscuous and liberal manner constantly. The national style in which Mr. O'Neil accounted for a brutal attack on an old woman is worth quoting. "Oh, ye can't do anything with those on-raisable crattures," responded Mr. O'Neil. "Sich tempers as they've got! Wouldn't so much as take your lether out of me hands. And now the old woman is going to prosecute me because, she says, I thrampled on her. *I can prove on me Bible oath, that all I did was to fall over her as I was athryin' to hand her the lether.*" It is not an uncommon thing for the natives to fire off a gun into the dark in the chance of killing a man or so, if they hear the least stir. After what the Major describes as a great nocturnal fight between the Toneyes and Fosters, when the Toneyes had driven the Fosters out of their domicile, Mrs. Foster "hung about the battle-field for an hour, cursing by herself and meditating projects of vengeance. The male Tony, a sal-low youth of eighteen, hearing some noise

in the neighbouring darkness, got down an old musket, and blazed away at a venture, sending the bullet through a post not a yard from his aunt." When the sister of the sportsman was remonstrated with for her brother's want of consideration, she naively remarked, "Wal, folks needn't be hangin' round folks' houses after dark; what else could they look for but to git shot at?" A boy named Langston, only fourteen years old, had applied simultaneously with a negro for the loan of a fishing-net. The boy was refused, and he went home, got a musket, and then lay in wait by the river until the negro came to the bank, when the lad shot him stone dead. So constant are outrages amongst the Lowdowners that whenever an affray ends in slaughter, on one or both sides, "the respectable portion of the community, if it is interested at all, thanks God and takes courage." The Major is of opinion that blacks are often potted by the white Lowdowners, simply in what he calls the "exercise of the ordinary pugnacity" of the latter; in point of fact, they went nigger-shooting in order to keep their hands in for the more exciting amusement of murdering each other. "They could not shoot slaves in the good old times without coming in conflict with the slaveowner and getting the worst of it." Now, however, they can practice at the manumitted slaves without being interfered with by those who were concerned in the slaves as chattels.

The most curious chapter in the strange narrative of the Bureau Major is that in which he traces the development of a Lowdowner, taking a single family to exemplify the process. Bill Simmins is descended from a race of serfs, "indigent, ignorant, stupid, and vicious farm-labourers." He was transported from England for poaching. In due time he goes through the stages of refugee, bushwhacker, and squatter, and thinking it time to settle in the world, Bill married a London courtesan, who, like himself, had been transported and ran wild, and gave birth to a tribe which then had no specific name, but which now obtains recognition under the titles of Crackers, Sandhillers, Meanwhites, and Lowdown people. In the Colonial period the Simminses fought the Indians; in the Revolution "they were Tories; not because they loved the King, or knew anything about him, but because the landed gentry whom they wished to plunder were Whigs." When forced into the militia, they ran away at the first sight of the bayonet. They never could be got to remain long in one spot, even when they had contracted such matrimonial engage-

ments as were understood amongst them. The only good they did was to drive off the Indians. Where they did for a while attempt to cultivate the land, they exhausted, but did not improve it. "Outstripped and surrounded at last by the current of civilization, they changed from hunters and backwoodsmen to cultivators, but still preserved a tendency to wandering. The Simminses have moved from one district to another at least once in every generation. The only exception to this rule is where hordes of such families have been shut up in some great stretch of pine barrens, or mountain sterilities, or sea-beaches, into which the wealthy landholder has not cared to intrude, and from which there was no escape except by a long migration." They occasionally attached themselves to great planters, and became their bullies and creatures, ready for any crime to which their masters would devote them. Their lives were passed much after the manner of our gipsies. They sorned, stole, and never by any possibility worked when they could help it. "Simmins lived off the neighbouring plantations as much as did their proprietor. He was one of the incidental expenses of slavery." During the war the Lowdowners tried, whenever they did enlist, to slink to the rear, and procure what they expressively termed bomb-proof places. By this means they contrived to come in for plunder. When Bill and his tribe were discharged or had deserted, they generally returned to their old haunts, where they found their families starving or receiving rations from the Government. It occurred, however, that the Lowdowners did not get as many bomb-proof appointments as they anticipated, and a fair proportion of them were killed or maimed in the war.

Such are the Lowdowners. The Major, towards the close of his sketches, designates them also as "Crackers." He conjectures as to the future that the Lowdowner may be pushed into the wilds and fastnesses, there to die like any other savage. It would not be to the disadvantage of a civilized community to get him out of the way. We have our Lowdowners at home, who are our standing shame and disgrace, but we are able to keep them somewhat in check. When the man becomes all wild beast, for our safety we hang him; and we shall have to continue to deal thus stringently with vicious natures if we desire to keep society together. They have, doubtless, tried that system in America also, but find it less troublesome to permit brutal men and women to wander over the vast country, where there is room for them to be lost, or to es-

tablish brutal congregations on the edges of towns and villages, in which, from the universality of crime, there is neither conscience nor law.

From The London Review, 20 June.

MR. LONGFELLOW.

THE arrival of Mr. Longfellow from America and the appropriate compliment paid to him at Cambridge suggest a review of his popularity. He has decidedly gained a place of honour amongst poets, and that without possessing any one qualification of a great poet. He is a living illustration of the truth that to write profoundly or deeply is not the way to win contemporary fame or repute. The average understanding of people is low enough, and we have a proof that in literature the largest sale for a book may be obtained for a work of amazing dullness and stupidity. Mr. Longfellow, however, has the power of touching delicate and homely instincts and sympathies. The fact of his being an American, with a love for the old country, warmed and cultivated by travel, gives to his writings a certain charm and glow of enthusiasm altogether different from that which we meet in the spirit of English writers. This is not so immediately perceptible, but still it is present, and comes home to our minds in the end, when reading "Hyperion" for instance. No Englishman, with a consciousness that he could in a comparatively few hours go to the Rhine, could have written that book. It has the enthusiasm of a stranger for the realization of things which had hitherto been dreams and fancies to him. Every page is instinct with a solemnity and reverence for the old ground which had reared poets and had a picturesque history, whose relics were still standing over the river which the Germans love. And even in those verses which have become household words it is possible to detect a mood of feeling which is more or less derived from the nationality of the writer. "Excelsior" and the songs of work, while they typify the energetic impulses of the whole English-speaking race, appeared at a time when the "Lotos Eaters" was fashionable amongst us. Then, again, take Mr. Longfellow's "Golden Legend." Few English students would have so studied the mediæval stories and quaint customs of Europe for the purposes of poetic treatment. They appear all the more attractive to Mr. Longfellow from his distance from them.

Mr. Longfellow has never been accepted in his own country or in this as a poet of

the first, or even of the second, order. But then he has never apparently claimed such a position. There is no more modest, no less self-assertive writer. About each and all of his lyrics there is a prevalent delicacy and absence of personal obtrusion. He neither forces his emotions on you, nor strives to disclose himself harrowed with profound griefs, loves, or distraction. In some measure this constant, finical reserve detracts from his merits, while, at the same time, it suits admirably the wide audience which he addresses. They are not subject to thrills or throes of passion which are not concerned with every-day joys and griefs. They can feel in such matters as the loss of a child. Mr. Longfellow speaks home to them of the "vacant chair" and other relics. That misfortunes are blessings in disguise, that good comes of evil, are trite beliefs, out of which Mr. Longfellow has made many pleasant verses; indeed, so universal is his optimism that he tells that even the Devil himself has some good in him, if we only knew it. This amiability is especially pleasing to the gregarious minds; this domestic sweetness appeals with success to thousands who would shrink from the analytical doubts and questionings of Mr. Browning, and sometimes even of Mr. Tennyson. Mr. Longfellow also understands the value of Biblical language and the use of texts in composition. Good persons of both sexes attach an affectionate importance to the words in which Christianity was revealed and preached; and the Puritan traditions of America have aided Mr. Longfellow in acquiring a taste and facility for the introduction of those passages in the Scriptures which stir the religious heart most effectually.

Together with a simplicity which sometimes appears almost affected, Mr. Longfellow combines a certain play of fancy which is not at all of the finest or best quality, but which is eminently calculated to win the admiration of the general reader. Very often those fancies are neither more nor less than gaudy conceits, which occasion no sentiment beyond that of a rude and ignorant surprise. There are poems of Mr. Longfellow in which the subject is sadly tricked out with paste jewels, but then, on the other hand, he has inclosed a beautiful idea in snow-white expression, with perhaps one grand diamond ornament to set it off. His mind has a great bias towards the picturesque aspect of things, and he has a tendency to allow this inclination to carry him too far. Another imperfection in his verses must be noted in his habit of almost dissolving the central idea by the quantity

of words and the various ways in which he turns it over and over again. Many people rather like this. They prefer to have the good thing shown them in many lights and in various colours. Condensed poetry is not at all in favour with the million. They require, as Dr. Whately said, a fair proportion of chaff with their oats. Too much nutriment at once is bad for weak stomachs. There is one work of Mr. Longfellow's which is not half popular enough, and we believe it is because it is artistically, perhaps, the best he has produced. "Kavanaugh" is a delightful story, and worth a dozen "Golden Legends," "Hiawathas," or "Evangelines." Besides being a fine specimen of illuminated prose, it contains some touches of genuine humour, that rarest of all qualities, and an unforced pathos which is the more effective from its simplicity. Reading it one feels an agreeable sense of contact with a mind of perhaps greater culture than force, but still with no mean power of reducing its impressions to an harmonious and distinct shape. Here, as in his other productions, Mr. Longfellow is essentially reserved, and, so to speak, bashful. He never apparently puts out his full strength.

In descriptions of natural scenery Mr. Longfellow has a very felicitous style. No one ever succeeds in bringing a landscape or a sunset before us who limits his picture to mere details, dry and topographical points. To reproduce some notion of the feelings stirred up by the locality should be the main object of an artist. Now, a painter may do this by the sentiment of atmosphere and shadows, by perspective, by colours. A writer has only words at his disposal, and to have them serve him faithfully in this purpose he must in a measure charge them with colour. Then they become picturesque in the proper sense of that term. Efforts to do this sometimes result in what Mr. Ruskin terms the pathetic fallacy. In both prose and verse Mr. Longfellow is most fortunate in this respect. Woods, rivers, and mountains are depicted in phrases which not only recall the places, but which characterize them, conferring the distinctive quality and effect in them which are most striking. And those phrases are not limited to inclosing but one suggestion. They possess the power of summing up as it were the scents as well as the sights of the fields and of the sea. We could find many examples in Mr. Longfellow's prose and verse books to prove this statement—so many that we should not have room to quote them.

Mr. Longfellow has reason to expect an honourable reception in England, and we

sincerely trust he will be met with a cordial hospitality and welcome. Whatever faults a critic may find in the completeness of his poetry, no one can question the sincere and noble spirit and the beauty of the mental impulses his verses are calculated to give. He has been the advocate of abolition at a time when to abuse slavery was more than hazardous; his pen has been used to furnish the inmates of quiet homes with thoughts which they would keep in preference perhaps to views of greater breadth and grasp; and we trust that when he returns to the other side of the Atlantic it will be with pleasant memories of the manner in which a poet was personally recognised in a country where he has been known and respected so long and so widely from his books.

From The London Review.

#### POULTRY.\*

THERE is a great deal of ignorance and of consequent cruelty displayed in the ordinary management of the poultry-yard. In country places, where the taste of the lady of the house in her drawing-room and garden is unquestionable, it is not unusual to find, even where there is a feminine pretence to seeing after such matters, that the fowl are sadly neglected. Unless they are taken up as a "fancy" this is very frequently the case. The little book which "G. P." offers on the subject, without exhausting the theme, gives sound practical advice on it, and if its contents are perused with attention, the reader can scarcely have an excuse for want of definite and distinct information.

"G. P." does not approve of "pets." She is going to teach us to make chicken-pie, and thinks it would not be a good preparation to engage our sentimental affections for its proposed contents. This is eminently a practical view, and all through the book the same tone prevails. The bird that is best to eat is the best bird with "G. P."; "a neat, round, small-boned sort," she terms it. The Braham is recommended as good for hatching. The Dorking is unfortunately delicate in constitution. The White Dorking, however, appears to possess the finest qualities to be expected from a fowl. It performs the maternal duties with perseverance and discretion, and also makes a capital dish. The bird is somewhat deficient in courage, but the defect may be remedied by crossing it with the

\*The Poultry-yard: its Pleasure and Profit. By G. P., Author of "Home Nursing," "Dinner and Housekeeping," &c. London: Routledge & Son.



hardy barn-door. The latter, too, is also improved, gaining in flesh and form. The Poland fowl excels as a layer. It derives its name not from Poland, but from Hollaad, the designation being simply a vulgar rendering of Poulet Hollandois. For eggs, the Black Spanish birds are to be commended. "Those that are tinged of a rich brownish colour, not too dark, are beautiful for breakfast, the colour being a great addition to the effect of the table." With regard to cocks, "G. P." thinks that a cock ought to die after three years old. At that time his temper becomes jealous and irritable, he plagues all the hens, and when you come to eat him you find him tough. In reference to his points—he ought to be handsome in the first place. "G. P." says emphatically "there is not a known instance in which appearances go for more than in the case of a cock." He ought also to possess the faculty or accomplishment of crowing fully and clearly. None of your gurgling spasms or cart-wheel shrieks, but a fine clear note. You should be careful also that he does not make music at unseemly hours. "A cock who crows in an aimless manner at all hours and under no provocation, is growing old or losing his character, or he has never had any character to lose." His deportment should be proud, and he should have no feathers on his legs. Eccentricity of demeanour is a proof of incompetence. "A cock who hurries about, betrays agitation at slight circumstances, goes here and there as if taking care of no one but himself, and carries his head depressed as if he were driven, is a bad cock." In size he ought to be small and compact also, "quick to form an opinion, or to act on his perceptions." A red comb and wattles of the same colour are desirable. Observe his manners and customs carefully. "A cock who looks well, works well, crows well, and collects his hens well together in the evening," is perfection. If you keep two in a yard, you must be careful that there is no rivalry. To avoid constant bickering and fighting one bird should be younger and smaller than the other. Thus an absolute despotism is secured, and peace is to be had on no other terms. "G. P." once had a couple of young cocks of equal size and beauty in the poultry yard. There was constant war between them, the hens were "beaten and unhappy," and the eggs were often addled. "G. P." consulted with an experienced man, who made the cocks enter into a tremendous combat, in which the claim to eminence was made decisive, one winning gloriously while the other gave up. Curious enough, though peace and order

reigned afterwards "the beaten cock's own hens flouted him. They despised the poor creature, and he hung his tail feathers and went about nervously and as an object of contempt." A good bird, "G. P." thinks, will be able to take care of a dozen hens.

A walled-in yard is the best place to keep fowls in. It possesses the advantages of enabling the birds to take exercise and move about. Furnish it plentifully with water. Sink a tub in the ground as a tank, and nail rough sticks across it like the bars of a ladder. The hens will go to drink by this means, but if two cocks are kept it would be well to have a couple of ways to the water. "A quarrel," remarks our author, "once begun between two cocks is a never-ending grief. To forget and forgive forms no part of a cock's virtues." Supply the place with lime generously. If you do not the hen draws on her own resources for the necessary encasement of the egg, and the result is that she becomes sickly and spiritless. This is a fact often forgotten in poultry yards. Charcoal is also requisite. Air should be allowed to circulate freely. If it is not feasible to keep a yard, and you are limited to a coop, be careful to let the fowls out in the morning, "if you would not be cruelly disturbed by the cock crowing. It is his business the first thing in the morning to collect his hens, and to take them out on their first excursion after food. A shut-up cock, poor creature, goes on crowing, and crows all the more because it is the only one of his morning duties that the shut-up coop permits him to perform." The fowl-house should be as free as possible from noises. If the birds are disturbed at night the eggs will turn out badly. Your cook will complain of failures with omelettes. This may be due to the "persistent yelping of a tiresome dog, or the disturbance of the hen-roost by perhaps the idle cracking of a whip in the late hours of the evening, or the night-long banging of an unfastened door." The roosting-place ought to be from wall to wall. The bars to form it should never be made of smooth or polished wood, but of rough and enduring material—in fact, branches of trees with the bark left on will be found the best. The habit of putting up ornamental perches results in disease to the hens, which often causes them to get up from the nests when sitting. "G. P." tells a story of a hen which became so attached to a cook that whenever it had an egg to lay it ran into the kitchen and dropped it as a token of esteem into the lap of its patron, who held out her apron to receive the contribution, and then "there would come quite a dignified descent and a



stately strut round the kitchen, with the hen's triumphant chuck, chuck, chuck, and then the high note of rejoicing which always announces the fact of a new-laid egg." Here is another story of the same kind:-- "A dove living at this present moment has frequently laid its eggs in a lady's lap, in the folds of a black silk apron, while the lady works; sitting very still, winking up with its wondering, questioning, sly-looking eyes, as much as to say, 'Do you guess what I am accomplishing?' The dove remains till a loud self-satisfied coo announces the accomplished fact, when she gets up, and walks off with the absurdest airs of satisfaction." From this it may be seen that the modest handy hen-book of "G. P." is not only useful, but interesting. There is a fair amount of quaint observation and practical experience in the little work set out in a neat and unaffected style.

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From The London Review.

#### HEART-STRINGS AND FIDDLE-STRINGS.

In one of Douglas Jerrold's novels, "St. Giles's and St. James's," an amusing dispute takes place between the performers in a band employed for electioneering purposes. The subject of the quarrel turns upon the amount of enthusiasm which each instrument is capable of exciting in order to send a member to the House of Commons, and as well as we can recollect the drum has the best of the argument, the player strongly insisting that but for his exertions many a politician then serving his country would have been condemned to a private and obscure life. The notion has more than a mere satirical value; there is a certain amount of truth in it. Anything that can be helped by sentiment can be helped by music, and often with such effect that we are inclined to excuse the fanciful saying of Thomas Hood—"Heaven reward the man who first hit upon the very original notion of sawing the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse." If you refer to the poets you will find with what perseverance they work out this idea. Whether they sing of sun, moon, stars, women, flowers, or men, they are certain to illustrate their thoughts with phrases and images taken from this art. In theatres, what could be done without the orchestra? The agony-point of the drama is scored in the books of the trombone, the flute, and the fiddle. In the thrilling situations—the ghost scene in the "Corsican Brothers" for example—the gas is lowered, and the cornet-à-piston shut off as it were,

while the violins keep up a sort of tender tugging and gasping as an accompaniment to the gruesome business of the stage. That this is effective there can be no doubt, otherwise it would not be done. The custom violates realistic propriety altogether, and requires a stronger concession of belief from us than even the footlights or the paint on the faces of the actresses. But, as it were, to prove that there must be some special leaning in human nature for moving scenes and moving music at the same time, there is the opera. Here indeed the heart-strings and the fiddle-strings are played upon together all the evening. By this means the opera becomes the most emotional of entertainments. Faust and Marguerite are not more distinctly swearing eternal constancy while the Devil growls in the corner than the gentlemen under Mr. Costa's management are blowing and sawing a similar idea into your ears. Marguerite changes her key with her feelings, and necessitates a fresh crook for the cornopean. Our good friend Mephistopheles owes a great deal of his diabolical character to the hoarse bray with which his sentiments are echoed and supported by the band. In the last scene of all, when the fair saint is wound up by machinery into the opposite direction from that taken by M. Petit and Signor Naudin, if we want to forget the absurdity of the finish, we must lend our ears again to Mr. Costa and his assistants. The apotheosis does not seem to be so unnatural when taken as illustrative of the music.

Do mothers ever think of the mischief done at flower-shows by Godfrey's band? A waltz or a dainty selection may send to the winds the experiences of a brace of seasons. There are men who calculate their chances with women by the keen susceptibility of some of the latter to the softening influences of well-played music, and who can bring to their aid in real courtship the unreal courtship on the boards of the opera-house, or the suggestive harmonies of the promenade. Those Italians apparently singing their souls out to each other, with such beautiful languor or passionate energy, often make or mar the prospects of careful mothers of daughters. The flower-show bands are not, of course, so effective, the players do not embrace each other, and if they did the effect would not be very romantic; but still they may dispose towards that sense of luxurious emotion which is not unfavourable for sighing lovers. Thus a kettle-drum may boast of having sent a couple to St. George's, and it may be that the couple may owe a debt of gratitude or a curse to the kettle-drum all their lives

afterwards. We know what the piano has brought about in this respect. Messrs. Collard and Erard are perhaps the greatest match makers in the country. Think of what must lie on the musical conscience of an instrument which has been flirted over by a whole family of daughters, whose notes have been fired off to drown the whispers of numberless assistants, or to aid the process of landing a nervous fish! We are almost afraid to touch the subject of music in churches, and hint of the responsibilities incurred by an organ, or by a musical clergyman who sets up an amateur choir of the best tenor, soprano, and bass voices to be found among the most respectable of his parishioners. The "Village Blacksmith" of Mr. Longfellow is represented as feeling more or less refreshed at the sound of his daughter's voice as she trills and quavers the hymns on Sundays. If she was a village beauty we may be sure the young lady's performance attracted the notice of younger men in the congregation than her father.

We have heard a clever novelist ask to have an air played to him over and over again, out of which, when questioned, he confessed he had been constructing a story—a complete and rounded story, which became more and more definite in its proportions and mechanism every time that he listened to the tune, until at last it could be written down. Now, there was one specially odd circumstance about this fact. The melody was a very old melody, and from time immemorial had been attached to a love legend. The story-spinner did not know this legend, and yet he very nearly guessed it in forming his own conception; not only guessed it generally, the mere idea of it, *but matters in it of sentimental detail*. We do not claim for this remarkable coincidence any more value than it is worth, but still it is not beneath notice in an essay like the present. A Scotch gentleman (Dr. Hay) went close enough to undertake to build a house on a musical basis, and he mentioned the fact of his having tested the Parthenon in connection with his theory, when the result corresponded favourably with his apparently eccentric idea. Music is not a fully developed art, and we may get more from it yet—more than the poets have given us. There is something very striking in a fragment of a letter of Mendelssohn, in which the musician described Goethe as listening to him playing from twilight into the dark. Other great minds, too, have fed themselves at times upon music. The great question is, whether it has only the power of starting ideas, or whether it sends new notions of

its own. Is instrumental music altogether inarticulate?

To return to the social aspect of our theme, what was a shepherd without his flageolet? He wooed his Chloe or Phyllis with tunes. The custom has dropped off in our day, but survives, to some degree, in another shape, as we have tried to show. There are, indeed, a few left who remind us of the tradition. Amateur tenors are to be found in society who manage to fascinate with their good notes, as Corydon did with his pastoral straw; and there are young gentlemen who, as *Mr. Punch* says this week, perform on the "comb," or something else. But, as a rule, the fashion now prevails vicariously. The light serenade is no longer in vogue. The concertina, with which some misguided artisans now and then interfere with the cats in order to compliment the young women with whom they travel in penny steamers, puts an end to amorous caterwauling on the part of gentlemen, if there was ever much of it in England. In Spain, the cavaliers did not generally strum a single guitar, but engaged a band to come under the lattice of the adored, and perform to please her. We can effect the same object easier, and without so much danger of the young lady catching cold, by means of the opera or concert.

These gigantic concerts at the Crystal Palace afford us another example of the power of fiddle-strings to touch the heart. People have been known to shed tears at the great sobs of sound which burst from time to time from the orchestra. But here the emotion is something more than romantic, it is real and sincere enough at least to put little notions of love-thoughts out of the way. Our country cousins, who managed to procure comfortable places, and who were not oppressed with the heat, no matter how well disposed for the amusement, probably (if they were fairly susceptible to musical impressions) postponed flirting until they had forgotten the agitation and subsequent melancholy and loneliness which ensues after the hearing of those wonderful choruses. And this brings us to the use of the fiddle-strings. Music has magnificent educational possibilities which have been as yet but partially released by its masters and professors. It can do more than teach passion. We know it can aid religion, but unfortunately it can be degraded to ignoble purposes, almost as painting may be when painting is at its lowest, and is the pimp of vice.

The sort of heart-strings vibrating to the song of Therese, vibrating to the tunes of

the Cancan quadrille—what shall we say of them? The fiddles of course are innocent agents in those cases, where they accompany the voice of the gross woman and the movements of the coarse women. Yet they promote mischief and evil, just as they may, as we have suggested, promote piety and pure love. It may be doubted, indeed, whether music is, as Johnson said, a completely innocent sensual pleasure. It may have been to Johnson, who had quite a passion for listening to the Scotch bag-pipes—an instrument, we may venture to think, which has seldom stirred in any one feelings other than indignation and a burning desire for universal murder; but it is possible to conceive where music may immediately prompt to low desires and actions, even where it is orchestral, and aided but slightly from without by scenery or dancing. Into this part of the subject however it is not necessary to go. Music is an art which we should guard and cherish with caution, respect, and solicitude. We are almost tempted to write that if you see after the fiddle-strings the heart-strings will take care of themselves. An unmusical man or woman is not only defective and mentally crippled, but is, it is not perhaps too much to say, a dangerous person to deal with. We have Shakespeare's authority for thinking so at least. But then the sirens were musical ladies also, and were not altogether harmless. Comic singers have ears for music, and are as insensible to the degraded nature of their calling as a pickpocket to his pursuit.

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From The London Review.

#### THE QUAKERS.\*

THE speciality of this book is that it is the first work in which the doctrines and constitution of Quakerism have been definitively and minutely traced mainly to the early Baptists, and also that in its pages is to be found, for the first time, a detailed review of the influence exercised by the Friends in the various departments of philanthropy, social progress, political reform, literature, science, and commercial enterprise. It is not without reason that the author boasts of the labours of his sect in these various departments; and when it is remembered that at the present time the total number of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland barely amounts to 15,000, the provision made by them for education is something remarkable. Mr. Tallack traces to it the

large amount of the morality, intelligence, influence, and general prosperity which characterize the Friends as a body; and to the same cause he attributes the small amount of privation amongst them, and the rarity of the occasions in which they come under the care of the police or the magistracy. But may not the provision made for education be dependent on some cause which in itself would account for the absence both of privation and crime from the Quaker body? We think we find such a cause in their affluence, and the reason given for that affluence is, that the eclectic character which Mr. Tallack claims for Quakerism extends to the circumstances as well as to the disposition of candidates for admission into the sect. We suspect there is a quasi-admission of something not unlike this, both in the fact of the paucity of numbers belonging to it, and in the avowal which we find at p. 14, that perhaps it is not to be desired that the Friends should gain many converts "as mankind is now constituted." "For if," the author continues, "the society were swamped with a mass of converts not prepared to enter fully into the spirit of its communion, the tone of the whole body would be lowered, and possibly its constitution become radically altered. The Quakers are a select and disciplined body, better qualified for influencing outsiders than for uniting with them in perfect communion. They have exercised very great influence on the surrounding world; far more in proportion to their very small number, than any other sect that ever existed—the Jesuits not excepted. But the retention of this beneficial influence is only compatible with their maintenance of the strict discipline and high morality of their body. This would hardly be practicable with any considerable accession of persons not prepared for the abstract views and decided principles of the Society." It certainly would not be practicable with the admission of all comers, poor as well as rich. But from this point of view, Quakerism is hardly to be considered a religious sect, but partakes more of the nature of a religious order, which receives into its sodality only such candidates as can pass through the ordeal of a novitiate specially designed to test their possession of those qualities which the order requires in its members. Mr. Tallack says, that the Quaker system is suited only for the more thoughtful and serious of Christians, and for persons with minds disciplined to deep feelings and abstract contemplation, and with strong preferences for individual freedom of religious action. It is not a body with which men in

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\* George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists. By William Tallack. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

general, or many men, are likely to seek communion. Is not this, rather than education, the reason why there is an absence of privation and of crime amongst the Quakers? Is it not also the cause of much, at least, of the influence which they are said to exert upon society? How, otherwise, does it come to pass that the Quakers, during the last quarter of a century, have sent their preachers to Hindostan, the Pacific Islands, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape Colony, the West Indies, California, Greenland, Iceland, Russia, the Faroe Islands, Lapland, Madagascar, Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, without any appreciable accession to their number? Mr. Tallack gives, as an example of the paucity of converts, the case of Jonathan Grubb, an "excellent gentleman," who has for years "laboured assiduously in preaching to the poor, especially in the rural districts of Suffolk, Essex, and Norfolk. His meetings have been largely attended, and have also been occasions of much solemnity and tenderness of spirit. They have often been followed up by sympathising private conversations with some of the most impressed amongst the hearers. Great religious edification has doubtless ensued in consequence. But we have not heard of any fresh accessions to the ranks of Quakerism from any or all of those meetings." But when more than two centuries ago the Quaker boy, James Parnell, sixteen years of age, preached to the people of the same eastern counties, he "gathered in hundreds, and probably thousands, to the fold of his people in the very district where Mr. Grubb (a man far superior to young Parnell in most Christian virtues) can barely secure one proselyte in several years' ministerial activity." Parnell's success and Grubb's failure, notwithstanding the "solemnity and tenderness of spirit" observable at his meetings, would lead us to suppose that the terms of admission into the Quaker body are more exacting now than they were two centuries ago. But, once in, the conditions of Quaker life are not repulsive. There are the great educational advantages to those who stand in need of them. There is the fact stated by Mr. Tallack, "that every poor Friend who may be unable to earn a livelihood, usually receives aid from his brother members, to the extent of from £20 to £40 per annum, generally administered privately, exclusive of the money spent upon the education of his offspring." Then the absence of what is known amongst Friends as "the one man system," the right of all to preach if they are moved to do so, even women, is so soothing and indulgent

to spiritual vanity and conceit, that there must be some reason for the fact that Quakerism numbers so few adherents in these islands, and that its numbers are rather dwindling than increasing. For example, in Norwich, which forty years ago contained five hundred Friends, there are now barely thirty.

Mr. Tallack endeavours to explain this surprising state of things. "It thus appears," he says, "that the Quaker system is an admirable one for developing a small band of active, independent, philanthropic, and spiritual Christians, but fails most decidedly in gathering in the masses of mankind. This," he continues, "is now generally admitted by the Friends. One of them, an aged minister, lately remarked to the writer, 'Well, I must confess that if the evangelization of the great body of the people had depended upon us, very little would have been done.' This is a lamentable confession, after upwards of two centuries of missionary labour. "It would appear," Mr. Tallack continues, "that, in aiming at perfection, the Friends have arrived at many conclusions incompatible with the actual constitution of imperfect and frail humanity. It is often observed that, in the communication of religious instruction to the poor, a rough and ready, but comparatively uneducated, yet zealous working man is far more effective than a calm, refined, and highly-educated speaker. Similarly, the very agencies which the Friends deprecate and avoid as imperfect, namely, 'the one man system,' hearty congregational singing, untrammelled zealous preaching, outwardly visible sacraments, settled pastorages and paid ministers—these or other such arrangements are evidently and practically essential to the evangelization of the *great masses of mankind*, in spite of all the arguments of Quakerism, and notwithstanding the admirable results (on a very limited scale) of a system from which the agencies have been almost entirely excluded." This argument is not wholly destitute of force; but, on the other hand, what is to be said of a body which deprecates and avoids agencies which it holds to be essential to the evangelization of the great masses of mankind? We must conclude that it desires to be a select and exclusive body, "a small band of active, independent, philanthropic, and spiritual Christians," well off in point of funds, having little or no poor to speak of, and rather averse to letting them into the fold than otherwise. But where, then, is the merit of its supporting its own poor, or of the large provision it makes for education?

Why does Mr. Tallack reproach the denominations with not having "bestowed upon their poor a small proportion of the systematic and individualizing care experienced by the Friends in such cases"? The comparison is ridiculous. Out of a population of thirty millions, the Friends reckon in their community fifteen thousand. They are notoriously a wealthy body; and "the pecuniary and educational privileges of membership are so many," says Mr. Tallack, "that a constant vigilance is requisite to avoid the reception of candidates for admission who may be prompted by interested motives." Where is the difficulty of such a body supporting its own poor, or what credit is due to its members for keeping clear of the police? The Quakers begin by admitting none within their pale who are not thoughtful and serious Christians; men who are removed by a greater or less degree of affluence from the temptations of want; men well schooled and disciplined in the exterior and interior respectability. Now if a sect admits into its sodality nothing but what is good, and rejects every-

thing that is bad, it has no right to boast of the efficacy of its principles. We do not deny that the Friends have been active in many good works; all we maintain is that it would have been surprising had they not been so. We have left ourselves hardly space to speak of Mr. Tallack's "Life of George Fox," the most important part of his work appearing to us to consist in the false pretensions we have been discussing. It is an interesting sketch, a contribution to the history which will one day give us a picture of the efforts made in an age of abominable licentiousness, by earnest believers, to awaken consciences which had fallen asleep. Mixed up with those efforts there was doubtless a great deal of personal vanity, and Mr. Tallack candidly admits the grave faults of which Fox was occasionally guilty. But on the whole the tendency was good. It aimed at the revival of religion, which was suffering from the reaction consequent upon the upheaving of the Reformation. And with all its faults it was not destitute of beneficial results.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### A SEA-SHELL.

Cool lips of shell, sing, Sea-shell, warm and sweet,

Of ripples curling on the creamy beach,  
Of soft waves singing in each other's ear,  
Small wavelets kissing one another's feet,  
Where flakes of foam make music, a low speech  
Tenderly sad to hear.

Tell me of half-formed little broken words,  
Sung by the ripples to the still sea-flowers  
In silent sleeping tideless deeps of sea;  
For there the flowers have voices like to birds,  
That sing full-throated in this world of ours  
On each melodious tree.

Not now, not now, sweet shell, some other day  
Tell me of sighings on the lonely shore,  
And seas that sob to birds that scream above;  
Tell me not now of earth grown weak and gray,  
Nor longing for the things that come no more,  
Nor any broken love.

To me thy breathing bears another tone,  
Of fresh cool currents running under sea,  
And happy laughter of the sunny spray:—  
Ah! hearest thou the words that are thine own,  
Know'st thou the message that they bear to me,  
The things they seem to say?

Ah, Sea-shell, it is this—"The soft blue deep,  
Which thrills with a heart that knows thee and  
is kind,  
Sighed for thy sorrow, now it laughs with  
thee;

Love is a secret which man cannot keep;  
Hide it from heaven and the heedless wind,  
— But trust it with the sea!"

A. C. BRADLEY.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

#### THE BRIDE'S DREAM.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

THE young bride she is dreaming,

Ah! who that dream can tell?  
It may be of some loved one

Ere falsehood broke the spell;

It may be of the bridegroom

Who watches by her side,

And deems she *must* be happy

Because she is his bride.

Oh! if that be her dreaming

May time ne'er break the spell,

But the tears flow in her slumber,

And who that dream can tell?

The young bride she is dreaming!

Of the future, or the past?

But she'll wake, and smiles around her

Like a ray of sunshine cast;

Her pride will keep her silent,

She may speak of other themes,

But her lips will never whisper

What she wept for in her dreams.

Oh! if those dreams were happy

May time ne'er break the spell,

But the tears fell in her slumber,

And who that dream can tell?